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The Man With Big Feet.

A TRUE STORY.

(Grace Pettman, of 'Grace Pettman' Stories, London, England.)

'The man with big feet!' Not the most elegant way for one man to describe another, certainly, yet it so happened that the words formed one link in a chain whereby two souls were won for God, and saved for all eternity. It happened in this wise: Addressing a little meeting of railway men in a survey town, one evening, I mentioned the little work just begun at my own home among the station-hands.

'HIS PIPE WAS FLUNG OVER ONE HEDGE.'

No sooner was the meeting over than a bright-faced, burly fellow came forward.

'Do you know a man named Charlie S— there?'

'No, I am only just beginning to know the men at all. What is he?'

'Parcels carman.'

'There are two or three carmen at one station. What is S—— like?'

'A tall, lean chap, with big feet.'

Promising to look for the man, I turned away to hide a smile. Seriously as the man had spoken, his words seemed irresistibly comical. Only a girl still, and just commencing a little service among working men, it seemed to me the queerest mode of identification. Among the hundred or more men at this particular station I knew as yet only the faces of a few, let alone noticing a man 'with big feet.'

Yet the very strangeness of it fixed it in my memory. Returning home, the next time a parcel van passed me by, I took particular notice of the driver. The description tallied exactly! He was a tall, lean man, with happy-go-lucky, good-natured face. And one glance at the foot-board established his identity beyond a doubt! For some weeks I got no nearer than just knowing S—— by sight. Then one of the Christians who kept me posted with news of accident or illness, told me that he was ill.

Promptly I called to see him, and his wife invited me in. The man with big feet was a helpless prisoner on his bed—lumbago had attacked him in its severest form. But any attempts at conversation were checked in unexpected fashion. Twice I called, and each time Mrs. S——'s little girl was in the room, the most unquenchable chatterbox I ever met. Her incessant prattle made heart-talk impossible. No amount of checking kept the excitable three-year-old quiet for more than a few seconds. The third time I called I was almost in despair. My visits seemed useless, as far as reaching the hearts of this man and woman was concerned.

Small Trottie must be dealt with at all costs, and I resolved to do it. A sudden idea struck me. After two or three more vain attempts to talk to the father, I then turned to the excitable child.

'Will you ask mother to give me a pair of scissors, and may I have that piece of paper?'

The ruse answered admirably. The child watched in breathless silence while I tried my fingers with a long-neglected art, something my mother had taught me when a tiny girl myself. Seizing the opportunity, I began to speak a few quiet, direct words to the sick man about his soul, and the little one's silence lasted until I had cut out a dozen roughly-made paper dolls, a crude chair or two and a paper table. The simple bits of cut out paper seemed a very wonder of wonders to little Trottie. The Lord used those paper dolls to give me what was wanted—a quiet quarter of an hour. She took them in a very silence of delight, and sat upon the floor playing—her excited chattering ceased.

Thank God for that quarter of an hour! Charles S—— had been laid aside long enough to think, and to both himself and his wife was granted a listening heart that afternoon. When I came away Mrs. S——'s eyes were brimming with tears, and I felt sure that God's own work had begun. I could safely leave the rest to him.

It was Sunday evening. To my astonishment I saw Charlie S—— and his wife come into the chapel where I was attending an evening service. A solemn power seemed to rest upon our minister that evening, as he reasoned with the great congregation of sin and righteousness and judgment to come. Some of us were startled—maybe disappointed, when he said at the close, 'I feel led to have no after meeting to-night. I want you workers to seek out some of the unsaved in this service, and walk home with them, for a quiet talk, and lead them to decision for Christ!'

Never before—or since—do I remember such a close to our service, but God had guided him distinctly that evening. In a moment it flashed into my heart as a command, 'Go home with S—— and his wife!'

I slipped out and waited for them on the porch, apparently casually strolling homewards beside the tall railway man and his wife and their two eldest boys. It was difficult to get personal talk there in the street, but I walked as far as their home, and then they asked me in.

I could see 'the man with big feet' was deeply concerned. His wife's conversion had brought matters to a crisis.

After long talk and pleading I opened my Bible at the Gospel chapter in Isaiah—the first time, but not the last, I had ever used that precious passage in dealing with an anxious soul. Pointing to the words, 'He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities,' I looked up, saying, 'S——, will you accept that as truth? Will you put your name in there?'

There was the very silence of eternity in that cottage kitchen. The wife stood anxiously waiting, the two boys their eyes full of solemn wonder fixed on the father, and maybe the unseen angels were watching breathlessly with us, to carry the tidings of that night's decision.

Suddenly there was a clatter. Charlie

S—— pushed back his chair and stood up straight. Then bringing his hand down heavily upon the table, he raised his eyes to heaven and said:

'By God's help, I will!'

And the man with big feet went down on his knees there and then in his home, and gave himself in absolute surrender to God.

He made a clean sweep of the old life from the first. The day after his conversion, on a lone country journey, God spoke to him concerning another point. His pipe was flung over one hedge and his tobacco box over the other. And, long after, Mrs. S—— told me that while in the old days he had scarcely ever spoken without some swearing, not a single oath had passed his lips since the night of his conversion.Our God is mighty to keep. Several years have passed since then; Charlie S—— still drives the parcel van, and still witnesses to the saving and keeping power of God.

The story of a soul is written in strange letters oftentimes, and the reading of the cipher is a mystery until God gives the key. God had his own purpose in that strange identification, leading a young and untried worker, who might have easily forgotten one man among so many—to the very one God meant to save—by means of those quaint words that were not easily forgotten—'The man with big feet!'—'The Ram's Horn.'

No Oil Aboard.

In a recent gale on the Atlantic, two vessels of equal size were fairly in the path of the storm. One, through the wisdom of her captain and owner, had a large amount of oil aboard for just such an emergency. Pouring it from barrels over the side, it spread in a widening film over the raging water. Such a small quantity compared to the wide ocean—such terrible waves,—yet soon the vessel rode in a miniature calm, and her safety was assured. The other ship, with masts and rudder gone, lay a wreck on the billows when morning dawned. She had no oil aboard; and had it not been for the boats of the first vessel, her crew would have sunk with her before the day was done. The gale was the same for both; the waves were as high for one as for the other; but the oil aboard, or its absence, made the difference between safety and wreck.

The story is as typical as it well can be. We cannot control the rising of the storms of life, but we can encircle ourselves with calm in the midst of them. We cannot restrain the temper of others, but we can be unfailingly gentle ourselves. We can never be wrecked if we have enough oil aboard. It is when we have none that we are at the mercy of the waves and storm—and that we have none is our own fault, not that of the storm.

'Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee,' is a promise for every storm that can rise. If we neglect such a promise, can we blame any tempest for our wreck of heart and hope? Surely not.—'Well-Spring.'

'The boys of America for hares, the saloon for hounds, the Government backed by Christian voters. In God's name, where is the chance for our boys to escape?'—John G. Wooley.

How the Family Pays the Expenses of Father's Farm

A PARABLE.

(The Rev. T. Shields, Leamington, in the 'Canadian Baptist.')

The father lived away from the farm, though he visited it at times. The eldest son, 'the first-born,' lived on it for a few years.

The father had told the family that all their needs should be supplied; and whatever else they wanted, if they just asked for it they should have it.

The family were never tired of expressing their love to their father, and their entire confidence in him. They said over and over again, when they met together, that they had received so many proofs of their father's love that they could not doubt his word.

The father, of course, was gratified at such expressions of confidence from his children; and yet it was only what he had a right to expect.

At length the eldest son expressed his intention of returning to his father, leaving the rest of the family to look after the farm. He said, 'I cannot tell you certainly when I shall return, very likely when you are not expecting me.'

'But,' he said, 'if you want to know anything, or want help in any way, just telegraph or telephone to my father in my name, and he will answer.'

'Then, if you want any money to run the farm, there is a good balance at the bank, and I have left the cheque books and all the cheques are signed. So just fill out whatever you want and present them at the bank and they will be honored.

'As you know, the farm is a very extensive one, and covers a whole province of the universe, many miles in extent. There are some wild lands which have never been cultivated, many miles away. Now before I leave you I want to say that I want all those wild lands brought into cultivation. Be sure and attend to that, and see that all the shepherds and other laborers have their pay. Though I go away, I shall always be with you in spirit, and will remember you to our father.'

Again the children declared their love and confidence in their father, and so their elder brother left them for a while.

After a time the house needs repair. It is their father's house, but the family have to look after it. Then bills begin to come in for current expenses. The shepherds and laborers have to be paid. Then again, some of the family have to be sent over to the wild lands. It will cost something to send them, and they will need food. They cannot live on air.

Of course it is their father's farm, but they have to look after it. Well, surely they can do that. If they want instruction they can send to him and get it. If they want money they can fill out one of those cheques and present it at the bank; and if their father's word is worth anything it will be honored. And they are such loving children, and so often profess confidence in their father, that there is really no room for doubt.

Well, they get together to talk over ways and means. 'What are we to do about these demands that are coming? How are we to meet them?'

One says, 'I propose we get our sisters to prepare a grand banquet, and invite all the neighbors at so much each, and that will clear quite a lot of money.'

'Yes,' says another, 'that is a good plan, it will be sociable and neighborly. We shall get to know each other so much better, and it will do a great deal of good to them to know us, and will help us.'

'I cannot see,' says another, 'what the neighbors have to do with our father's farm. They don't belong to our family. What right have we to ask them to pay for the running of father's farm.'

'Oh! you're too particular,' says another. 'What harm is there in it, anyway?'

'There may be no harm in meeting our neighbors,' replies the previous speaker, 'but these people know our father's reputation and they know what confidence we, his children, profess to have in him and his word. If we carry out this scheme, they will not say it to us, but they will to each other, "There is not much in the professed faith of this Christian family, in their father and his wealth. When it comes to a pinch they are glad to go outside their own family for help." Is not that very dishonorable to our father?'

'Oh, yes,' says another, 'that is all very well in theory, but in practice, we have these bills to meet.'

And so, as the objector was in the minority, they had the banquet.

And nobody sent a message to father, or said anything about the signed cheques, or the balance at the bank.

When the father heard of it, he sent one of his servants named Malachi, with this message: 'A son honoreth his father, and a servant his master; if then I be a father, where is mine honor? and if I be a master where is my fear?' And he sent another servant named Isaiah with this message: 'What could have been done more to my vineyard that I have not done in it? Wherefore when I looked that it should bring forth grapes, brought it forth wild grapes?'

And they answered him not a word.

Your Own Little Girl.

Moody tells how he was sent for by the mother of one of his Sunday-school pupils who had been drowned in the Chicago river. He went to the house and talked with the woman; told her that he would see that a coffin was sent up and that he would come on the day appointed to conduct the funeral. Then, accompanied by his own daughter, who was about the age of the one drowned, he at once started for home. They walked in silence for a time, when the child said, 'Papa, suppose we were very, very poor, and I had to go to the river every day to get wood; and suppose I should slip in and be drowned, wouldn't you be awful sorry?' Mr. Moody says it was then and there he awoke to the fact that he was getting 'professional.' Folding his darling to his bosom with a strong embrace, as if it were indeed she who lay in cold death, instead of the other, and lifting his heart to God in prayer, he turned and retraced his steps to the poor woman's door. On being admitted he grasped that weeping mother's hand, wept as if his child, and not hers, had been snatched away by death and got down to pray. This time professionalism was gone; and now he really took a part in the 'fellowship of her suffering.'—'The Religious Intelligencer.'

BOYS AND GIRLS

Strange Pets

(George Bancroft Griffith.)

Almost all great men and women have one or more pets. The late Frank Buckland, the naturalist, when twelve years old, kept a raccoon, an owl or a buzzard in the closet of his bedroom.

The buzzard has been tamed by other naturalists. He is a bird of prey, but so lazy that he makes but a poor living. He is a sort of mongrel—a kind of passive participle in the bird kingdom, between the active verbs of the hawk family and the common nouns of the owl family. The great naturalist, Buffon, gives an account of a buzzard taken in a snare by one of his friends, which was, by great effort, domesticated and taught to know his master. As he tells the anecdote, the bird was at first wild and ferocious, but under a process of starving, became more tame and would take food from his hand.

In six weeks his master allowed him to go out of doors, taking the precaution to have his wings tied. Some time after, his wings were untied, a bell attached to his leg, and a piece of copper marked with his owner's name fastened to his neck. With this full liberty he flew to the woods, but in a few hours returned again, pursued by four other buzzards, which were attempting to chastize him on account of his abnormal condition, and perhaps for his evident tendency to the habits of domestic life. After this insulting treatment he became more tame and familiar, and seemed quite attached to his master.

This bird was a mortal enemy to dogs and cats, but perfectly fearless in their presence. In one instance four large cats were placed in the garden with this buzzard, and a piece of meat thrown to them. A general fight ensued, in which the buzzard came off victor and bore away all the booty. He did not fancy red caps or wigs upon the head, but would pick them off whenever he had the opportunity. He was harmless among the poultry in his master's yard, but a terror to every other rapacious bird that came in sight. This buzzard remained with the family for about a year, performing all manner of tricks, when he disappeared and was never seen afterwards. Whether he escaped to the woods or was killed is not known.

A friend of mine, Lieut. Clark, when he was in the revenue service at Alaska, had a pet bear on the boat and he made things hum. He made a fine pet, however, and the lieutenant named him Wineska. He used to climb to the cross-trees, going up hand over hand by the ratlins. One day he ventured out on the yard-arm, and there he stayed. The crew had to get a rope and haul him down. When the officers were in the cabin, he would back down the companion way and come to them for his mess of grog. He dearly loved rum and molasses. Once he vaulted over the head of their Chinese cook and went into the lockers, where he helped himself to sugar and butter. His master had a tackling made for him, much the same as a harness of a pet pug, and would drop him overboard, with a rope attached, to take his bath. Once he landed in a native boat and nearly frightened the occupants out of their wits. He was as playful as a kitten, and although sometimes he disobeyed he was never treacherous or unkind. When he was lost or hid himself, as he often did, his human intimates would look in the dark till they saw two little balls of fire. These were his eyes, and gave him away every time.

I once saw at the residence of a gentleman living in my native city, Newburyport, Mass., a funny as well as a troublesome pet. This was a tame woodcock, something exceedingly rare, but one other, that I have heard of, having been tamed, and that one was reported in the 'Forest and Stream,' and thought to be a wonderful case. This bird will only eat what it can take from the earth, and it is a good deal of work to dig the worms and then bury then in the earth for the bird to pierce with its bill, and thus apparently procure its food, as our friend, Mr. Eugene Noyes, soon found. It took a barrel of worms to last the pet bird referred to through a single winter. Of course it was necessary to keep these in earth, which required several cart loads during the cold season, and from this one can form some idea of the trouble to keep such a pet.

It is a popular idea that partridges cannot be tamed, but Mr. Parker, of Coldbrook, another Massachusetts man, offers contrary testimony. A while since he saw a large partridge in the road near his saw mill, which acted strangely, not attempting to hide or get away when approached. He took a fish pole and line and snared the bird with a noose, and handled it quite freely without its attempting to escape. Since then he has kept it about the house, and it comes at his call, alights on his shoulder and hand, and in every way is as docile and domestic in its habits as a pet chicken.

The writer will conclude by briefly referring to an old German farmer, living about ten miles back of Sebewaing, Mich., who has a wildcat for a pet. This animal was caught when very young, but has now been the familiar friend of the farmer for more than eight years. It follows him about like a dog and is truly loyal, with but one exception, and that is that he dotes on chickens. This, however, is slightly offset by the fact that he can kill more rats than a thousand tame cats.

Stirling Harvey's Trust.

(Ida T. Thurston, in the 'Presbyterian Banner.')

The day that Stirling Harvey left school to become the office boy of Lawyer Evans, his mother tacked above the table in his room a little card on which in red ink she had carefully printed the three words, —TRUE—HONEST—FAITHFUL.

The boy—he was not yet sixteen—kept those three words in his heart. He had much of the knightly spirit in his feeling towards his widowed mother and his sister. He was 'the man of the house.' He looked forward to the time when he should be able to provide for these two, and his mother need work no more.

Lawyer Evans soon discovered that this new office boy was unlike his predecessors —he could be trusted and he was not lazy. The lawyer watched him closely, and trusted him. He gave him three dollars a week at first; in three months he doubled the sum, and Stirling, proud and grateful, thought often of these three words—true, honest, faithful. The money, too, meant a great deal to the little household, for his mother was not able to do as much as she had done; her health was failing, and Ruth and Stirling watched over her anxiously and spared her all possible care.

One dull, chilly November day Mr. Evans called the boy into his private office and handed him a letter.

'I want you to take that to Mr. Gardner's office,' he said, 'and if he should not be there, find out where he is; he will probably have gone home. If they cannot tell you at the office where to find him, go right on to his house, and if he is not there wait there till he comes. You are to put the letter into his own hands, you understand. It is very important, it may be a case of life or death, and I send you, Harvey, because I know I can trust you.'

The boy felt his cheeks flush with pleasure—Mr. Evans did not often say a thing like that; when he did, it meant a deal.

'Yes, sir, you can trust me,' he answered earnestly, and then he put the letter into an inner pocket and went out.

It was after four o'clock and already the dusk of the early twilight was settling down upon the busy streets as Stirling walked briskly towards Mr. Gardner's office. It was perhaps half a dozen blocks away. When he reached it he was told that Mr. Gardner had gone home an hour earlier. He had expected that, and he hurried down the stairs and back over the way he had come. Mr. Gardner lived out in the suburbs, and the street car that Stirling must take passed two or three blocks beyond Mr. Evans's office. The boy glanced up at the familiar office windows as he passed, and wondered if Mr. Evans had gone home yet. He usually left about that time. Then he recalled those words that had sent a warm glow to his heart as well as to his cheeks—'I send you, Harvey, because I know I can trust you.'

'I'd like to have a chance to prove to him that he can trust me—a big chance, I mean, not a little thing like this—just to carry an important letter up on the hill,' he said to himself.

He did not guess how swiftly the chance that he longed for was coming; that it was close at hand, even then. He did not guess that the slender figure hurrying down the street had anything to do with the matter. Indeed, among the many passers-by he did not notice the girl with the white, anxious face and frightened eyes, until she sprang forward and caught his arm, just as he signalled a car for Capital Hill.

'Oh, Stirling; oh, Stirling!' she cried out and then caught her breath with a great choking sob.

'Why, Ruth, what are you here for? What's the matter?' the boy questioned, his voice sharp with anxiety, as he saw the trouble in her face.

'It's mother—she—she's sick, Stirling.' The girl's lips twitched as she made a brave effort at self-control. 'Oh, come quick, come quick! The doctor says—'

She could not put into words the awful fear, but her face told it all. Instinctively the boy turned with her and started towards home, but in a moment he stopped short with a groan.

'Oh, Ruth, I can't. I can't go to her!' he cried.

His sister's eyes widened incredulously.

'Stirling, you don't understand,' she began, but he cried out in a voice full of misery.

'I do, I do, Ruth, but I've got a letter that I must deliver. Mr. Evans said it might mean life or death, and—he trusted me.'

They had both stopped in the middle of the sidewalk. Unmindful of the passers-by casting curious glances at them through the gathering dusk, they stared for an instant into each other's white, agonized faces.

'But a letter, only a letter—and mother,' the girl moaned.

Stirling drew himself up and his voice thrilled his sister strangely as he repeated, 'A letter that may mean life or death, Ruth, and mother told me to be faithful. Hurry back—hurry, Ruth, and tell her I'll be there just as soon as I can.'

Without another word he turned and sprang on a passing car without stopping it; but never had he known such misery as filled his heart when, standing on the platform he saw the space widen between himself and that slender little figure hurrying back to the mother whose voice he might never again hear.

The car sped onward; but to the boy it seemed to crawl. He was tempted to leap off; it seemed to him that he could run twice as fast as the car went, but he knew better. When, after what seemed to him hours, he stopped the car at the corner nearest Mr. Gardner's house, he did run at the top of his speed, and the peal that he rang on the door bell brought the dignified man-servant to the door, with marked disapproval in his stolid countenance.

'Is Mr. Gardner in?' the boy questioned, and then pushed hastily by the man. 'Tell him I want to see him, quick—quick! I come from his lawyer, Mr. Evans,' he added hastily.

The man was not used to be hurried, but something in this boy's tense voice—something imploring in his white face, stirred him out of his stiff, slow, formality.

'This way,' he said briefly, and led the boy up the broad polished stairway to a beautiful library on the second floor. 'Wait here,' he added, and disappeared.

Stirling waited, but he could not sit or stand still. He walked restlessly up and down the room, and again the moments seemed ages while his thoughts flew back to the little home where Ruth and mother—ah, was mother there yet, he wondered; and it seemed as if he could not stay there another instant.

Then a grave voice behind him said, 'You have a message for me? I am Mr. Gardner,' and he turned swiftly and held out the letter.

'Mr. Evans told me to give it to you, and I've done it,' he said, and was half way down the stairs when he heard the gentleman call to him in astonished disapproval.

'But wait—there may be an answer.'

'You must send it by some one else, then. I can't wait!' the boy called back, plunging down two steps at a time.

The next instant the door slammed behind him and Mr. Gardner turned back with a frown into his library.

Through the darkness without the boy dashed recklessly along the street. When he reached the corner there was no car in sight, and he could not wait for one; so on he ran, glancing back now and then to see if one was in sight. He had run half the way before a car overtook him. But the hardest of all was when he left it and hurried breathlessly across to that little house, where his heart had been through all that long terrible hour. If he could only know! How could he go in—not knowing!

When he reached the house the doctor's carriage was standing there. Stirling ran up the steps, opened the door, and then he stopped short in the little hall, where no one had remembered to light the gas. He listened—there was no sound. Then he began to creep slowly, silently, up the stairs. From his mother's room a light shone out upon the landing, but what did that awful silence mean?

Half way up the boy stopped again. It seemed to him that he could not take another step. Then suddenly he heard the doctor's voice. He was speaking to Ruth, and Ruth answered in a low tone. Slowly the boy climbed step by step until he could look into the room; then suddenly he dropped down on the stairs and buried his face in his hands, but the sobs that shook him from head to foot were not for sorrow. He thought he had never before known what great joy was—for he had looked once more into his mother's face and heard her dear voice breathe his name—and he had been true to his trust.

Luck Versus Labor

'George is always lucky. 'Course he'd win the prize,' complained Jim.

'I imagine it was something else besides luck that made him win,' said Aunt Louise, one of the summer boarders at Jim's house. The boy that Jim was envying had won the prize in the rowing contest on the lake the day before. One of the summer visitors, a young man who had come to this summer resort for his college vacation rest, had offered a half-eagle to the best boatman; and George had won it.

'George is always just that way, just as lucky,' went on Jim, grumbling. 'Just look at that new bike he's got, a regular beauty; and of course he got the paper-route I wanted, 'cause he'd a bike and I haven't. So, of course, I can't get round the place fast enough.'

'Is that the wheel that was offered at such a bargain a fortnight ago?' asked Aunt Louise.

Jim nodded disconsolately.

'Pa said he was too hard up to let me have anything toward it, and I've only got five dollars to my name.'

'How did George manage to raise the amount?' queried Aunt Louise. 'His father is lame and helpless, you know; and I've heard that George had to help the family, as the pension was not enough to support them all.'

'Oh, George sells water-lilies every day at the 9.40 and the 1.30 trains, and the folks buy every lily he takes down to the station. I' spose it's so hot they look nice and cool. He fixes 'em up in a big basket of wet moss, to keep 'em fresh, you know. He can't get enough to supply 'em all, he says, anyhow.'

'Seems to me,' mused Aunt Louise, 'that George works for what he gets. He gets practice in rowing, going for his lilies. He won his bicycle and the paper-route by gathering and selling the water-lilies. Why don't you go into the lily business with George? You say the supply is not equal to the demand?'

'Me?' queried the surprised Jim. 'Why, Aunt Louise, the idea! I've got all I can do, anyhow; and this is vacation. By 'n' by I'll have to go back to school. If I got lilies to sell, I'd have to get up 'bout three or four o'clock, same's George does, to go for 'em. That's too much of a good thing, I tell you!'

'Was it luck or labor that gave Watt his engine, Fulton his steamboat, Morse his telegraph, Goodyear his rubber, Bell his telephone, Edison his phonograph—or even George his prize and his wheel!' asked Aunt Louise, significantly. But I'm sorry to say that Jim still complains of George's 'luck.'—Exchange.

My Own Master.

'I am my own master!' cried a young man, proudly, when a friend tried to persuade him from an enterprise which he had on hand. 'I am my own master!'

'Did you ever consider what a responsible post that is?' asked his friend.

'Responsible—is it?'

'A master must lay out the work which he wants done, and see that it is done all right. He should try to secure the best ends by the best means. He must keep on the lookout against obstacles and accidents, and watch that everything goes straight, or else he must fail.'

'Well?'

'To be master of yourself you have your conscience to keep clear, your heart to cultivate, your temper to govern, your will to direct, and your judgment to instruct. You are master over a hard lot, and if you don't master them they will master you.'

'That is so,' said the young man.

'Now, I could undertake no such thing,' said his friend. 'I should fail, sure, if I did. Saul wanted to be his own master, and failed. Herod did. Judas did. No man is fit for it. "One is my master, even Christ." I work under his direction. He is regular, and where he is master all goes right.'—'The Spectator,' Melbourne.

Your Example Counts.

A railway conductor once went with a large company of conductors on an excursion to a Southern city. They arrived on Saturday night. An attractive trip had been planned for the next day. In the morning, this gentleman was observed to be taking more than usual care with his attire, and a friend said to him:

'Of course, you are going with us on the excursion?'

'No,' he replied quietly: 'I am going to church; that is my habit on Sunday.'

Another questioner received the same reply.

Soon comment on it began to pass around, and discussion followed. When he set out for church, he was accompanied by one hundred and fifty men whom his quiet example had turned from Sunday excursion to the place of worship.

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'Northern Messenger' subscribers may have their own subscriptions extended one year, free of charge, by remitting sixty cents for two new subscriptions.

The Money That Didn't Belong to Him.

The quiet of Franklin Street was broken in upon one day last summer by a raft of noisy boys, who, finding a little stretch of shade thrown by Mr. Foster's tall, new house, took advantage of it for the game they were playing.

I don't know just what the game was, but it kicked up a great deal of dust, and a great deal of noise, and seemed to be very exciting. One thing I could not help seeing from my window that disquieted me. It was that pennies were passing from one pocket to another. When the whirling top reeled and fell on one side of a certain mark made in the dust there would be a whoop among one part of the crowd, and pennies tossed from hand to hand. I didn't like the looks of that.

Presently a rather grim-looking old fellow, with a grey mustache, and a patch over one eye, came along, walking stiffly on a wooden leg. He stopped long enough to see what the boys were doing, and then I heard him call out, in a resonant voice: 'George Maxwell!'

'Sir,' answered a young voice, promptly, and a handsome, straight little fellow stepped out from the crowd.

'There's a little story I've been wanting to tell you for a great while, and I think this is a good chance.'

A look passed among the boys which seemed to say that they didn't agree with him about this being a good chance; but he took advantage of their silence to begin his story:

'When we all surrendered at Appomattox,' began the old Confederate, 'a friend of mine had several hundred dollars in gold, belonging to the Confederate Government, which had been put in his hands to buy ordnance stores abroad.

'What am I going to do with this gold?' said he.

'"Why, Colonel," said I, "come with me; we'll look up what's left of the Confederate Government, and turn it in."

'But almost before we had gotten out of Virginia, Davis had been captured, and the Confederate Government was a thing of the past.

'"Now, what am I going to do with this gold?" said the Colonel.

'"Well, Colonel," said I, "you are as much the Confederate Government as anybody else now; and I advise you to keep the money, and use it in getting a start somewhere."

'He didn't seem to like this idea; said he wasn't in the habit of using money that didn't belong to him. But everybody he consulted gave him the same advice; and so after a while he gave it to two friends of his, young soldiers who had come out of the War without a cent, and they set up in business in a small way.

'"We'll make you partner in the concern, Colonel," they said; and so they used his name, though he never touched a cent of the money, after he turned over to them that Confederate gold. They failed, poor fellows, and lost all the money, and got in debt besides.

Meantime, the Colonel was earning his living by his wits, and going right on to success. I don't mean that he was getting rich, but he was serving his country and her broken fortunes and her discouraged people, and was everywhere relied upon as a man of men.

'Just before he married the woman he had been waiting for, I saw him and congratulated him upon his good fortune. "That Confederate gold gave you the first start, didn't it, Colonel?" said I.

Then he told me what had happened to it. "But do you know, Major," said he, "I've never felt right about that money; it wasn't mine to give away, nor to lose; and I've made up my mind to take it out of my own pocket, and give it to some State institution."

'"Oh, come, now," said I, jeeringly; "the day for Don Quixotes is past."

'I didn't see this old comrade again until a few months before his death. Yes, boys'—the old soldier's voice grew husky—'he's gone forward; his tent is struck; he's gone into camp with old Stonewall and "Mars Bob," and the rest. "Well, Colonel," said I, "I hope you didn't steal that money from the fine boy I hear you are growing at Fair-oaks;" for I knew he was ready to brag about his baby.

'"I'll tell you a curious thing about that boy, Major," said he.

'"Oh, I've no doubt you'll want me to believe some hard yarns on him," said I; "he breaks your colts for you, doesn't he; and spends his idle time studying Sanskrit?"

'"No," said he; "but I'll tell you what, he's made an honest man of his father."

'"A mighty tough job, truly," I snarled.

'"Well," said the Colonel, "when I came to think about the sort of fair and square man I wanted George to be, that old Confederate gold bothered me. I knew, in my secret soul, after the heat of war cooled, that the money belonged to the United States Government; and so a few months ago I spent some hard work finding out the compound interest on it, and I paid it into the United States Treasury, interest, compound interest and all. Money is rather scarce with me now; but if I hadn't but one shirt to my back, I'd enjoy looking that baby squarely in the face, and daring him to touch a cent of money that wasn't honestly his"

'George, did you ever hear that story before?'

'Yes, sir,' said the lad, proudly; 'that was my father.'

'Certainly it was your father, the bravest man, the best friend, and the truest Christian I ever knew. And is it possible that you are putting pennies in your pocket by betting, by gambling? George Maxwell's boy handling dirty money!'

The soldier stumped away, and there was a dead silence out on the shady sidewalk. Then I saw several coins flung down in the dust, and, as the boy sprang after the halting steps, I heard him say:

'Never again, sir, never!'—American Paper.

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A Twilight Story For Girls.

(Mabel Nelson Thurston, in 'Woman's Journal.')

Outside it was raining heavily. Inside—well, inside the weather was threatening, to say the least. One of the nurses, going to the linen-room with an armful of fresh towels, shook her head.

'I pity ourselves to-day,' she said.

'I know—it will be so hard to keep the children bright,' the other answered. A nurse was taking the temperatures and marking the charts that hung at the head of each white bed. She stooped a moment, and looked down at one especially listless face.

'Don't you want some of the scrapbooks to look over, Jennie?' she asked.

Jennie's weak voice was utterly uninterested. 'No,' she answered. The nurse's voice kept its brightness in spite of her discouragement. 'Then, don't you want me to bring you one of the puzzles?' You could play with it nicely there.'

'No, I don't want any,' Jennie answered, wearily.

A hand pulled at the nurse's skirt, and she turned quickly. The thin, pain-sharpened face of the girl in the next bed smiled at her cheerfully.

'Don't bother about Jennie, I guess I can make her do something,' she said, in a low voice.

The nurse bent over her with a swift, caressing touch. 'Thank you, little assistant,' she said tenderly.

Maggie lay thinking for a few minutes. In the room outside, where the patient's clothes are kept in a case full of big pigeon holes, was one bundle shabbier than the others, this was Maggie's. In one of the beds were some queer, cruel-looking weights that meant suffering far greater than the most of the little invalids there could imagine, and they were Maggie's, too. Perhaps, in all the long roomful, she had the fewest things to make her glad; but what of that? God teaches us how to make our happiness, if he will; God and Maggie together made hers.

She opened her eyes when the sharpest pain had passed, and called across to the next bed, 'Jennie!'

'What is it?' Jennie asked listlessly.

'Jennie, let's "see things;" we haven't for ever so long. You wanted to the other day, you know.'

'Well,' Jennie answered doubtfully, 'you will have to begin, though.'

'Oh, yes, I'll begin. Well, then, I see some great red roses, just as soft and dark as velvet; and they feel all cool when you touch them, and they smell—my, don't they smell sweet?'

'I know something prettier than that,' Jennie answered. 'It's vi-lets—a lady gave me some once. There isn't anything like 'em, velvet nor nothin' else. I 'most cried when they withered. That's prettier than yours, Maggie Dulin.'

'But I see somethin 'else,' Maggie went on. 'It's a great green place, and the grass is all nice and thick under your feet, and it's full of the beautifullest flowers—yellow and white, and all colors, and there isn't no sign to keep off the grass—you kin jest lay and roll in it all day long. And there's birds in the trees, and you never heard nothin' sing like them; and you kin see the sky, jest miles of it, and you kin 'most taste the air, it's so sweet.'

Round the ward word sped quickly, 'Maggie's seein' things.' Children who could walk went over to her corner; and wheel-chairs were rolled there; from some of the cots eager patients sent messages to her and waited for hers back again. The dull day was forgotten, and the long room was crowded with visions. Flowers bloomed there, and birds sang, and happy girls went to parties or cherished wonderful dolls. The gladness of the world was theirs, as God meant it to be; and all because one girl knew how to keep fresh in her life every bit of beauty she had seen.

The doctor smiled as he went his rounds. He said:

'She's as good medicine as the sunshine,'

'Poor little thing!' the nurse answered, with a loving glance toward the corner.

The doctor corrected her. 'It's the heart that makes one rich or poor—rich little thing!' he said.

The Fight Under The Hill

(Elizabeth Preston Allan, in 'Sunday-School Visitor.')

'Hamilton Cross, your page of English has four mistakes in it; I shall mark you six. Frank Shellman, you have only one; I will mark you nine. That will do; the class may go to their seats.'

These two English exercises were the last twenty that Miss Mary Ridgely had been correcting; she held them together in her hand until she made the marks in her book, and then gave them back to the scholars.

In another five minutes the bell had tapped, and Miss Ridgely's school was out for the day.

'I don't see where I have any four mistakes,' said Hamilton Cross, knitting his brows together over his exercise. The rest of the scholars had tossed their papers into towsled desks and were already off, except Frank, who was hunting for his geography. 'I've a great mind to go after Miss Ridgely,' said Hamilton, who was a careful scholar and did not like to have low marks.

'You'll have to hurry then, old chap,' said Frank, seizing his recovered book and making for the door; 'Miss Specs is as far away as the stone fence already.'

'Oh, bother! let it go!' exclaimed Hamilton fretfully, banging his desk-lid and hurrying off to join the baseball game that was organizing. Frank set out for home, but it was not until the schoolyard gate clicked behind him that an uncomfortable thought startled him into an exclamation of surprise.

'I wonder, now!' he said to himself, as he shifted his load of books uneasily from one arm to the other, and looking bothered.

'But it's not my business, anyhow;' and, whistling a brave tune, Frank broke into a run which soon brought him to his father's gate. There Lance met him, and nearly licked the skin off his hands for joy.

Frank was rather quieter than usual at dinner.

'Frank, let's go fishing this afternoon,' said his little sister.

'I don't care to go,' answered Frank.

'You can go with me to see the baseball game, Frank, if you choose,' said his big brother Tom.

'No; I don't feel like it,' answered the little boy. His mother looked at him anxiously, wondering if he was sick. No; his eyes were clear and bright, his cheeks rosy and full. Frank did not know himself why he felt so downhearted and dull, but he had his suspicions; he knew conscience was a terrible tease when a fellow was not doing exactly right, and he felt very cross with his conscience.

He slipped away after dinner, with only Lance following, and went off to the grassy hillside that sloped down to the brook; there he lay on his back, with straw hat tilted over his face, for a long, long time. Lance wondered, as far as a shaggy little head like Lance's can wonder, what kept his young master idle so long that bright afternoon.

Ah, Lance! he was not idle by any means. He was fighting a battle—fighting a hard battle, though there were no guns heard, no shouts of victory, nothing but the humming of bees in the blossoms and the chirp of birds above in the trees.

Suddenly Frank whirled over on his elbows, with heels high in the air. 'Lance!' he cried suddenly; and doggie, thinking something was expected of him, at once assumed his most gentlemanly attitude—'Lance, it's mighty easy to do mean things, old fellow! You needn't look sheepish, Lance. I don't mean you this time, though you "did" eat pussy's breakfast this morning. I mean your humble servant, Master Frank D. Shellman. Come, Lance, let's go after Miss Mary this very minute, and tell her she got my exercise and Hampie's mixed up, and that I am six and he is nine.'

I fancy the great white angel Truth walked with Frank unseen, but crowned with laurels, having won the fight under the hill.

Scattering Seeds of Kindness

'That's a Canadian dime. I can't take that,' said the post-office clerk. The child looked at the rejected coin, and then at her unstamped letter perplexedly.

'Here's a dime—I'll change with you,' said a young woman standing by.

'Oh, thank you!' said the little one very gratefully. 'I ran all the way to get mamma's mail in in time—and it would have been too late if I had to go back.'

'How thoughtful that was,' I said to myself. 'How few people, comparatively, would have bothered to do that for a child; and yet how little it costs, and how much it often means.'

A little later in the day, it so chanced that I met again the young woman of whom I have spoken. It was at a restaurant at the noon hour in a hurried, crowded throng.

'Dear me, isn't it warm?' sighed a flushed, nervous looking girl near me, to her companion.

'Won't you take this fan,' said a sweet voice. I looked, and lo, the speaker was the angel of the stamp! I was very much interested in the young woman by this time, and ensconcing myself comfortably in my corner, took more time to my meal than was necessary, in order to observe her. I did not have long to wait to see another proof of her kindliness and consideration.

'This is the last order of Indian pudding,' said one of the waiters to a pale, poorly dressed girl, as she set down a steaming plate before her neighbor, the young woman whom I was observing.

'Oh, dear!' murmured the girl, disappointedly.

'Won't you take this! I would exactly as soon have something else for dessert.' Quick as a flash the dish of pudding was transferred.

'That young woman is worth her weight in gold,' I said to myself as I rose to go. 'I wonder when I shall ever see her again.'

It was months before I did see her again. This time it was at a reception. I wondered whether she would be able to do any kindly act in such a formal gathering, and observed her closely. It was not ten minutes before I saw her talking to a shy, unattractive looking girl in a corner, and introducing her to her friends. Nor was this all I noted. As I left I heard her saying something to the soloist of the afternoon, to which the reply was: 'You tell me that you have enjoyed my singing. I want to tell you how much I have appreciated your telling me so.' The sparkling eyes and animated face attested the appreciation.

These three brief occasions were all upon which I ever saw 'the angel of the stamp,' and yet how fraught they were with acts of friendliness and consideration! At the end of such a life how manifold must be the good deeds placed to the account.

The giving of ourselves because we can no more help giving than the flower can keep unfolding its petals, or the rose exhaling its fragrance, this is Christliness indeed; it is the most potent of all levers for bringing about that blessed day 'to which the whole creation moves.'—'The Standard.'

How to Become an Orator.

'I think practice with all kinds of audiences the best teacher you can have. Think out your subject carefully, read all you can relative thereto, fill your mind, and then talk simply and naturally to an audience.

'Forget altogether that you are going to make a speech, or that you are making one. Absorb yourself into the idea that you are to strike a blow, carry out a purpose, effect an object, impress an idea, recommend a plan. Then, having forgotten yourself, you will be likelier to do your best for your purpose.

'Study the class of books your mind likes; when you go outside of this rule, study those which give you facts on chosen subjects, and those which you find the most suggestive.

'Remember to talk up to your audience, not down to it. The commonest audience can relish the best thing you can say, if you know how to say it properly.

'Be simple, be in earnest, and you will not fail to reach the masses, especially if your heart is large enough to receive all truths and all struggles. God speed you.' —Wendell Phillips.

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date there on is Feb., 1904, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

Tommy's Lesson

(Kate Sumner Gate, in 'Zion's Herald.')

Tommy Ryan had his arithmetic open before him, and he had not lifted his eyes from it for nearly half an hour. Miss Dutton was sure that for once he would have a perfect lesson; but the fact is, he was not studying at all.

That noon, when some of the boys and girls were standing by the desk talking with Miss Dutton, Tommy's little bright eyes had spied a penny on the floor. Pennies were a great rarity to Tommy; he could not remember when he had had one of his own. If only that were his, he could stop at the corner store going home, and get some peanut candy. You could get a whole square for a cent! Tommy stopped and looked at it every day when he went by, and wished so much that he had some.

He wondered whose penny that was. He thought very likely Miss Dutton had dropped it, and probably she had ever so many more, while he had not even one. What would be the harm in his picking it up, and keeping it?

He moved a little nearer to it, and then he thought about the candy again—how very nice it was—and then he stooped down quickly and picked it up. No one noticed him, though it seemed to him as if they must all know what he had done.

In a few moments the bell rang, and they all took their seats. Tommy took his book out, but he could not study. He kept thinking of something the teacher in mission school had said only last Sunday. She had had them learn the verse, 'Thou God seest me,' and then she had talked to them about it. 'Remember, boys,' she had said so earnestly, 'when you are tempted to do wrong, and you think no one will see you, that God will see you and know all about it. You cannot hide anything from him, and he is very sorry when he sees us do wrong.'

Tommy did not like to think that God had seen him take that penny. It frightened him, and he tried very hard to forget about it, but he could not. 'I wish that I had let the old thing alone,' he said to himself at last; but there it was in his dirty little hand, and 'God' had seen him take it from Miss Dutton.

The candy somehow had lost all its attraction; really it seemed to him now that he could not eat a bit bought with this dreadful penny.

Oh, dear! what should he do with it? He began to think it would burn a hole in his pocket, it felt so uncomfortable there. He thought about it a few minutes longer, and then he raised his hand.

'Yes,' said Miss Dutton; but instead of asking a question as she had expected, Tommy went right up to the desk and put his hand in her lap.

'I—took it—off from the floor,' he said, with a sob. 'I thought I could get some candy with it, but I'm sorry now I tooked it, and I won't never take anything again, never.'

Well, you cannot imagine how much happier Tommy was the minute the words were out of his mouth and the penny in Miss Dutton's hand instead of his. After school she talked with him about it, and Tommy went home feeling sure that he should never forget the lesson he had learned that afternoon.

Just My Luck.

If the boy who exclaims, 'Just my luck,' were truthful, he would say, 'Just my laziness,' or 'Just my inattention.'

Luck is waiting for something to turn up.

Labor, with keen eyes and strong will, will turn up something.

Luck lies in bed and wishes the postman would bring him news of a legacy.

Labor turns out at six o'clock, and with a busy pen or ringing hammer lays the foundation of a competence.

Luck whines.

Labor whistles.

Luck relies on chances.

Labor on character.

Luck slips down to indigence.

Labor strides upward to independence.

'Luck,' in the Bible sense, is a good old English word: 'I wish you good luck in the name of the Lord.' But 'luck' with no thought of Providence, is a bad word.

Your loving

UNCLE JIM.

—'Temperance Leader.'

A Newfoundland Dog Saves a Ship.

A new book, entitled, 'All About Dogs: A Book for Doggy People,' by Charles Henry Lane (John Lane, London and New York), contains the following: 'A vessel was driven on the beach at Lydd, in Kent, and surf was rolling furiously. Eight poor fellows were crying for help, but no boat could be got off for their assistance. At length a gentleman came down to the beach, accompanied by a fine Newfoundland dog; he directed the attention of the animal to the vessel and put a short stick into his mouth. The intelligent and courageous fellow at once understood his meaning, sprang into the sea, and fought his way through the waves. He could not, however, on account of the high seas running, get close enough to the vessel to deliver that with which he was charged, but the crew understood what was meant, made fast a rope to another piece of wood, and threw it towards him. The noble beast dropped his own piece of wood, and seized that which had been cast to him, and then, with a degree of strength and determination hardly credible—for he was again and again lost sight of in the roaring sea—he dragged it through the surf and delivered it to his master. A line of communication was thus formed, and every man on board was rescued.'

NORTHERN MESSENGER PREMIUMS

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The One Who Failed.

'Mr. Wright, may I speak to you a minute?'

The busy lawyer gave his revolving chair a sudden whirl, and faced a tall, resolute looking boy, with a strap of school books across his shoulder.

'Certainly, Philip; sit down, my boy.'

'Thank you, sir, I haven't time; it is almost school hour. I just want to say, Mr. Wright, that I'd like you to get somebody else for an Epworth League leader, in my place.'

'You want to give up your job, Phil?'

'I don't want to, exactly, but I think I ought. The truth is, Mr. Wright, I've failed, and I know somebody else could do far better.'

The gentleman was thinking what a young face this was to wear that bitter sense of failure so plainly written on it; but he spoke encouragingly.

'Why do you think you have failed, Philip? How about that "try, try again" plan?'

'We did try again, Mr. Wright. You know we set ourselves to prevent Dobbs from opening a saloon on the corner of Bolton and Pelham streets; we worked like everything getting petitions signed. But we failed; the saloon is open, and the very boys that we were trying to help by keeping the saloon away, are jeering at us all the time now, and calling us church lambs and pretty pigeons, and things like that.'

Mr. Wright could not help smiling at the very un-lamblike expression of this Leaguer; but there was no time to discuss the matter now.

'Suppose you don't take any steps about giving up until after the next meeting,' he said. 'I would like to be with you at that meeting. I have just been reading a true story about one who failed. It is a thrilling tale; and I would like to tell it to your boys. What do you say?'

'Thank you, sir; that will bring the boys together, I'm sure. Some of them are pretty low down—worse than I am! Thank you, Mr. Wright; good morning,' and the door swung to on boy and books.

The next Sunday afternoon the League members rallied in great force. Mr. Wright had organized them a year before, and given them a start; but he had a Sunday afternoon mission school in a distant part of the city, and this was the first time the boys had heard from him for some time.

The meeting was called to order by Philip Sears, who read a few verses from the Bible; a short prayer was made by another of the boys, and 'Onward, Christian Soldiers' was given in fine style. Then Mr. Wright got up and faced the boys.

'Your leader has been telling me,' Mr. Wright said, in his easy, you-and-me style, 'that your chapter has failed in a first-class fight it has been waging against the whiskey business, and that you boys are a good deal cut up over the failure. I think this is a good time for me to repeat to you a true story of a fellow who failed on a big scale, about three hundred years ago, whose failure any one of us would now be proud to claim.

'When I tell you that this young Englishman made four stubborn, painful, and dangerous attempts to find a western waterway to the Indies; that he got nearer to the North Pole than any other sailor of

his day; that he failed every time to find his northwest passage; and that he was finally turned adrift in an open boat, with his young son, on a wild waste of waters, never to be seen or heard from again—perhaps you can name my man who failed.'

Mr. Wright paused. 'Henry Hudson,' said one of the older boys, recognizing the tragedy.

'It was Henry Hudson,' continued the story-teller, 'who thus made four big, expensive, and humiliating failures, and finally lost his life in a shameful and pitiful way, as far as ever from the goal of his purpose.

'But look here, boys, Henry Hudson's first voyage opened up the great Spitzbergen whale fisheries, by which thousands of families have been supported, commerce advanced, and the interests of the race served for these hundreds of years. Henry Hudson's second voyage opened up the Hudson Bay fur trade, which has been almost as great an enterprise as the other. Henry Hudson's third voyage—setting sail from the Zuyder Zee this time—established the Dutch on Manhattan Island, and laid the foundation for the city of New York; and his fourth voyage gave his name to one of the most beautiful rivers of America, and an example of noble heroism and skill to all future races of men. How is that for a failure, boys?'

The young people sat very still in their places; but there was a glow on each of their faces, and their eyes were shining. Unless I am much mistaken, that corner saloon began to be in danger while the noble tale was being told. Mr. Wright did not have much more to say.

'Take care,' he concluded, 'how you dare to write "failure" on a work into which a man or a boy has really put the strength of his life. If the thing pleases God, even though it may seem to go down like Henry Hudson's body, fathoms deep, he is keeping for it—somewhere, somewhere—a glorious success, like the great sailor's. And I give you my word, my young friends, I believe the baffling of a single saloon is of more importance in eternity than sailing across the Arctic sea!'

Philip Sears did not give up his place. Those young Christians took a brace, and gave themselves another year's lease on their job (the saloon's license ran for a year), and the last I heard of the matter, was a message sent them by a business man who had refused to sign their first petition, and jeered at them for 'a meddlesome pack of kids.' Now he sent them words to come and see him about the matter again—he 'liked a fellow that never knew when he was whipped.'—'The Classmate.'

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send four new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at thirty cents each for one year, and receive a nice Bagster Bible, bound in black pebbled cloth with red edges, suitable for Sabbath or Day School. Postage extra for Montreal and suburbs or foreign countries, except United States and its dependencies; also Great Britain and Ireland, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands and Zanzibar. No extra charge for postage in the countries named.

Saved in a Basket, or Daph and Her Charge.

CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

The secret that had so long burdened the lonely negress was now poured out with all the unconscious eloquence of a true, warm, single heart. The tears flowed fast down the cheeks of Rose Stuyvesant, as she heard the simple story of devoted, heroic affection, and long, patient self-sacrifice.

She understood the hope that had cheered Daph through years of labor and anxiety—the hope of placing the children of her mistress again on the bosom that had nursed them, and of seeing the happy father again embrace his long-lost ones. That hope was now forever gone; and Rose Stuyvesant mingled her tears with those of poor Daph, as she concluded her story.

Those real tears made Daph feel that she had found a new friend, who sympathized with her in her distress, and this in itself was a whisper of comfort.

As soon as Rose could command herself, she said, as she took the black hand in her own, 'Daph, the mother who loved to teach her little ones of Jesus has gone to be with him. Your master, too, is now with the Heavenly King. You will still be able to give them back their children, in that better land, where there is no parting—where no sorrow ever comes.'

The negress looked earnestly in the face of the speaker, as she went on: 'You must teach the little ones to love the Lord Jesus, and lead them to his home in heaven. Daph, you have that now to do, and that is worth living and striving for.'

'How shall poor Daph show the way to heaven? She don't know it jus' zactly herself,' said the poor creature, and the momentary gleam of hope faded from her face as she spoke.

'Jesus Christ has opened the door of heaven wide, for all that love him and trust him,' said Rose eagerly; 'his blood, shed on the cross, can wash away the sins of the whole world. The great Lord will forgive you all that is past, and receive you in heaven, for Jesus' sake, if you really wish it.'

'What else Daph want in dis world, but jus' know de way to heaven herself, and lead de children dere?' was the earnest reply.

Poor Daph had been entrusted with but little religious knowledge, but to that she had clung in simple faith through all her trials. She had improved the few talents that had been given her, and now came her reward in the fulness of the light of the Gospel.

Again and again her young teacher explained the way of forgiveness and eternal peace through the blood of Christ.

At last the beauty, freedom and matchless love of the plan of redemption burst upon her, and there was joy in heaven when the poor negress, in the midst of her tears, welcomed Christ as her Saviour, and knew 'the great Lord' as her reconciled father in heaven.

While the long conversation, so full of moment to Daph, was taking place, Mary Ray had kept the children happy in the little garden. Their patience at last gave way, and they pleaded so hard 'Just to look at dear Daffy,' that their young nurse could resist them no longer.

Charlie burst impetuously into the room, unmindful of the stranger, while Louise more timidly followed. Warm tears filled the eyes of Rose Stuyvesant as she looked, for the first time, on the orphans. Charlie saw immediately the happy change that had passed over Daph's face, and, walking straight up to her, he said, exultingly, 'Daffy's better! Daffy's better! Good Daffy!' and he laid his curly head on her dark arm, which told how dearly she was beloved.

A peculiar attraction seemed to draw Louise to the side of the stranger; and when she was tenderly kissed, and that sweet, soft face bent down to hers, with loving interest, the child put her head on the bosom of Rose Stuyvesant, clung to her neck, and sobbed as if her heart would break.

'Is it not mamma?' murmured the child, and then more and more fondly embraced one who had brought back from the dim recesses of memory the image of her long-lost mother.

Rose was but little less moved than the child, and in her heart she prayed that she might give to the little ones such lessons in holiness as would win an approving smile, were they heard by that mother in heaven.

By degrees the agitation of little Louise subsided, but she quietly kept her seat on the lap of her new friend, and seemed to find a new pleasure in looking into her kind face, and smoothing her fair soft hand.

Meanwhile Daph drew from her pocket a parcel, which she had ever carried about her, perhaps with a vague idea that it had some wonderful charm to keep her from evil. Wrapper after wrapper was taken off, until at last the little book with golden clasps appeared.

'That was all about him, I know,' said Daph, 'about that good Saviour; but Daph can't read the blessed Book.'

Rose took the Bible that was handed to her, and read on the fly-leaf, 'Eliza Latourette, from her devoted husband. One Lord, one faith, one baptism!'

The sight of that Book in the hands of Rose again awoke the dim memories of the child on her knee, and Louise, through fresh tears, was doubly drawn towards her new friend.

'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven,' read the sweet voice of Rose. 'All are the children of Jesus, who put their trust in him, and truly love him.'

A thrill passed over the frame of little Louise at the sound of these words, and she kissed the lips of the speaker, with strange joy in her eyes.

'I cannot stay any longer now,' Rose said, attempting to rise.

'Don't go! don't go!' said Louise, almost wildly, 'I cannot let you go!'

'But I must, my sweet Louise,' said Rose as she gently disengaged the child; 'I must go now, but I will come every day and read to you, and your "Daffy" out of this dear Book.'

'When? when? What time will you come?' asked the child anxiously, while Daph listened eagerly for the answer.

'To-morrow, at eleven o'clock, you must stand at the window and watch for me; I will not keep you waiting long.'

(To be continued.)

The Honesty of Elinor.

(By Elizabeth Crane Porter, in 'The Christian Intelligencer.')

Elinor was carefully and patiently adding the last long column of figures for her morning lesson.

'Two an' tree an' nine an' five makes nine an' one to carry,' she whispered to herself. Just as she put down the last figure, Miss Brown's brisk voice announced the end of the hour and all the grimy and much erased 'number papers' were made into a neat pile and put on the teacher's desk. As Elinor sat with hands folded in front of her, she was busy with very pleasant thoughts.

'I worked very carefully,' said she to herself, 'and proberaly I'll get a hundred percent and then I can go to the city with father.' For at dinner yesterday father had said, 'If any child gets a hundred in arithmetic to-morrow, I'll take him to town when I go on Saturday.'

A trip to town with father was the greatest treat a little girl of six could possibly have, and, Elinor thought, quite worth a good number paper. She ran all the way to school next morning to get her standing, and, oh, joy! Miss Brown smilingly gave back a paper with a big blue-penciled 100 at the top. A radiant little girl answered questions and did hard tasks cheerfully that morning, for was not the treasure hers? Near the end of school, however, something happened to disturb her joyful anticipations. When they were overlooking yesterday's papers in class, Johnny gave 54 for the answer of a certain example. Elinor looked at her paper for comparison and found to her horror that hers was 53. Johnny was right, for teacher said so, and if Elinor were wrong, what should she do about her hundred percent and the treat? 'Ought I to tell?' she thought anxiously.

Her decision was quickly made and at the close of school a forlorn little body waited in her seat while all the long files passed slowly by, all gazing in wonder at poor Elinor. When the last footstep had gone downstairs and out of doors, she went to Miss Brown and explained.

'Why, yes, Elinor!' said her teacher, 'to be sure! How careless I was to mark that right when it was really wrong! That makes your mark 90, doesn't it?' and she took out her big blue pencil and with it made the change that so disappointed all Elinor's hopes.

Elinor did not run home with a happy face that day; in fact she couldn't help crying just a little. It was very hard when she had worked so, and thought she had won her prize! They were half through dinner when she got home, and as she stepped into the dining-room, father sang out, without noticing her tears:

'Well, did you get a hundred, Elinor?'

That brought the tears afresh, and she sobbed out the whole story in mother's arms. When father knew, he said:

'Why, come here, childie! Father's prouder of an honest little girl than of any number of 'hundreds.' You were a good child to tell Miss Brown,' and he kissed her tenderly.

'I'm sure she understands,' said father to mother that evening, 'and I'm going to take her anyway. It was a fine thing for the little thing to do. I hardly thought it was in her.'

On the next Saturday morning, in a train bound for Boston, sat a happy little girl who kept a close grasp of father's first finger, and smiled brightly at all the other passengers.

'Just think,' she said to herself, 'if I hadn't told, I'd have come just the same, but I'd have felt so mean! And now I'm going and I was honest, too, and father is

pleased. After now,' says the wise little lady, 'I'll always be honest and truthful, for it's the very best thing to be.'

Two Kinds of Ears.

(By Jane Ellis Joy, in 'Youth's Companion.')

Aunt Hetty had a way of looking into the children's rooms after the folks had all gone to bed. She did this to see if the little ones were comfortable.

It was summer-time, and one night her nephew Charlie, who had come from the city on a visit, was tucked away in one of the little beds upstairs.

Charlie was not asleep, and the sight of Aunt Hetty coming in with a lighted candle in her hand made him open his bright eyes wider.

'I hope you are not ill, my dear?' asked aunty, going close to the little white bed.

'No, indeed,' said Charlie, smiling. 'I'm listening to the noise. It's a a nice noise, though,' he added, thoughtfully, for fear his criticism of his surroundings might offend. This, by the way, was Charlie's first visit to the country.

Aunt Hetty looked a little astonished. 'Why, it's as quiet as can be,' she said. 'Perhaps you have been dreaming. What kind of a noise did you think you heard?'

'It goes whiz, whiz, cheep, cheep, cheep-i-ty, cheep-i-ty, and buzz, buz-z-z, all the time,' said Charlie, imitating the sounds that he heard.

Aunt Hetty smiled. 'Ah, these are country noises, Charlie. Numberless little insects live in the trees and shrubbery, you know, and they are all astir now. You will get used to the sound after a while, and not notice it.'

The next day some one referred to the noise that had kept Charlie awake, and this made Cousin Mabel laugh.

'To think of a city boy talking about the noise of the country!' she said. 'I'm sure where you live it's rattle, rattle over the stony pavements from early morning till late at night. I wonder how you can sleep at home.'

'I don't believe I ever hear the big noises,' said Charlie, with a puzzled air.

And then Aunt Hetty explained something that no one else had thought of. 'Charlie has city ears,' she said. 'He is so accustomed to the rattling, loud noises of the streets that he doesn't think of listening to them; but here in the country quietness he hears everything. Mabel and the rest of us have country ears, so we don't hear the noises of the insects at night; or rather, we don't notice them because we hear them so constantly. Yes, there are two kinds of ears, and it is good for those with country ears to be told how many noises there are for them to listen to. Some of these noises are musical, and all of them are interesting. Suppose we all try for a while to hear country noises with city ears.'

Nettie's Mistake.

'That child really must be vaccinated this week or she cannot go to school,' mamma said; and Nettie on the veranda outside of the open window listened eagerly.

'Yes, I will call and tell the doctor to come up at once,' answered papa, as he went out.

'Vaccinated! That's something awful, for Nellie White told me her arm almost ached itself off. And "that child" means me. Well, what if I'm not at home when the doctor comes?' mused Nettie, guiltily.

She watched the road to the village, and soon saw a buggy coming.

It was the doctor's she was sure, and soon the veranda was empty, and a hurried child was running across the fields toward the woods which skirted the pond.

What a hunt there was for Nettie when the buggy stopped before the gate! But she was not to be found.

It was more than two hours before she appeared, and, as soon as she was within doors, another buggy stopped before the house.

'The doctor! I'm very glad, for I was afraid he wouldn't come. and you cannot go to school until you are vaccinated,' said mamma,

Nettie was silent.

She did not speak until the doctor had gone. Then she said slowly, with a deep flush upon her face:

'I thought the doctor was here a long while ago, mamma.'

'Oh, no; Uncle Will came for you to ride out with him, but we could not find you,' answered mamma, and there was a roguish gleam in her eyes. Did she know?

'Oh h-h-h!' cried the dismayed Nettie; 'Uncle Will's rides are just splendid. O mamma, I ran away and got lost in the woods, and almost fell into the pond. I missed that nice time, when vaccinating don't hurt a bit. Oh, dear me!'

'Remember it, deary,' said mamma, significantly. 'Never run away from a duty, no matter how hard it seems, for it sometimes brings an unexpected reward.'

'I guess you are right, mamma,' smiled Nettie, with tears in her eyes.—'Our Little Ones.'

The Sparrow's Song.

I'm only a little sparrow,
A bird of low degree;
My life is of little value,
But the dear Lord cares for me.

He gives me a coat of feathers;
It is very plain, I know,
Without a speck of crimson,—
For it was not made for show.

But it keeps me warm in winter,
And it shields me from the rain;
Were it bordered with gold and purple,
Perhaps it would make me vain.

And now the springtime cometh,
I will build me a little nest,
With many a chirp of pleasure,
In the spot I like the best.

I have no barn or storehouse,
I neither sow nor reap,
God gives me a sparrow's portion,
And never a seed to keep.

If my meat is sometimes scanty,
Clean picking makes it sweet;
I have always enough to feed me,
And life is more than meat.

I know there are many sparrows—
All over the world they are found—
But our heavenly Father knoweth
When one of them falls to the ground.

Though small, we are not forgotten;
Though weak, we are not afraid,
For we know that the dear Lord keepeth
The life of the creatures He made.

I fly through the thickest forest,
I light on many a spray;
I have no chart or compass,
But I never lose my way.

I just fold my wings at nightfall,
Wherever I happen to be;
For the Father is always watching—
No harm can happen to me.

I am only a little sparrow,
A bird of low degree,
But I know that the Father loves me.
Dost thou know His love for thee?—Waif.

LESSON IX.—FEB. 28.

Hearers and Doers of The Word.

Matt. vii., 21-29.

Golden Text.

Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only. Jas. i., 22.

Home Readings.

Monday, Feb. 22.—Matt. vii., 21-29.
Tuesday, Feb. 23.—I. Cor. iii., 9-23.
Wednesday, Feb. 24.—Eph. ii., 11-22.
Thursday, Feb. 25.—Jas. i., 17-27.
Friday, Feb. 26.—Jas. ii., 14-26.
Saturday, Feb. 27.—Matt. xxv., 31-46.
Sunday, Feb. 28.—Rom. ii., 1-16.

21. Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my father which is in heaven.

22. Many will say to me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name? and in thy name have cast out devils? and in thy name done many wonderful works?

23. And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you: depart from me, ye that work iniquity.

24. Therefore whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock:

25. The rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell not: for it was founded upon a rock.

26. And every one that heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man, which built his house upon the sand:

27. And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house, and it fell: and great was the fall of it.

28. And it came to pass, when Jesus had ended these sayings, the people were astonished at his doctrine:

29. For he taught them as one having authority, and not as the scribes.

INTRODUCTION.

This lesson follows closely upon the last. Jesus' fame was increasing every day. The whole country was aroused and his actual followers were growing numerous. He was now ready to organize for broader work. He had been studying his followers for a long time, and now chose twelve of them to be apostles or leaders in the missionary work. But those who were to do his work needed especial training, and so upon a beautiful hillside overlooking the Sea of Galilee he taught them—perhaps frequently. It was their training-school for service. Many of the teachings on the hillside are given us in the Gospels and are usually called 'The Sermon on the Mount.'

THE LESSON STUDY.

Remember that Jesus was speaking especially to those who were already his followers, and he could go to the heart of the matter with them as he could not with strangers. The subject of his teaching was 'The Kingdom of God: Its Members, Laws and Principles of Conduct.'

Verses 21-23. Jesus had just been warning his followers against false teachers. They were to be known, he said, by their fruits. But there might be false disciples as well as false teachers, and false notions of what it meant to be a true disciple. In these verses Jesus shows how tremendously serious and thoroughgoing a thing it is to be a Christian.

'Not everyone that saith unto me, Lord, Lord': Profession was not enough then, nor is it enough now, to make one Jesus' disciple. It is not a question of 'saying' but of 'doing.' It is a good deal to 'say', 'Lord, Lord.' It is right to say it; it means respect, admiration, belief that his teachings are high and true, but a person can have all those feelings about Christ without actually living the Christ life. 'Enter into the kingdom of heaven': The kingdom of heaven 'as it is on earth.' Jesus was not primarily training people to follow him out of this world but to follow him in this world. 'But he that doeth the will of my Father': Saying, when accompanied by doing, is natural and right: without it, it is a hollow mockery. Jesus had been telling what God's will was. 'In that day': The great day of judgment announced by many prophets and expected by all the Jews. 'Did we not prophesy': Did we not preach. New Testament prophecy was preaching rather than predicting future events. 'By thy name cast out demons,' etc.: Great, showy works, imitating the external deeds of Christ himself, preaching and perhaps making converts, and yet not living a life governed by the principles laid down in this hillside teaching. 'Depart from me': A terribly solemn sentence of doom, not from a hard and stern God—there is no such God—but from the loving Christ.

Verses 24-27. Here begins the conclusion of the most wonderful body of teaching the world has seen. Some of these lofty teachings have been expressed by the founders of the great world religions, but always hopelessly mixed with the darkness of heathenism. We need not say that the world religions were all false, for they were not, but Jesus' teaching was all true. 'Heareth these words of mine, and doeth them': The hearing without the doing would make one worse rather than better. 'Shall be likened unto a wise man': Jesus does not say a 'good' man, but a 'sensible' man. The wise man took care what foundation he built upon, realizing that the building of a house was a serious matter and that if it was to prove equal to the tests of the storms of years, it must be built right from the foundation up. 'Heareth these words of mine, and doeth them not': This man's opportunities were as good as the others, but he neglected them; did not realize the importance of a sound foundation. His mistake was 'not in selecting a bad foundation, but in taking no thought of foundation; in beginning to build haphazard and anywhere; on loose sand near the bed of a mountain torrent.'—Bruce. The result is a foundation just as worthless as if a bad one had been purposely chosen. A house built on the sand will stand in fair weather. The foundation Jesus has been speaking of is one that will stand the tests of the storms of life. The man who in his house-building or his religion thinks only of fair weather must be 'likened unto a foolish man.'

Verses 28, 29. As usual the impression made by the great Teacher was tremendous, and the distinctive thing about it was, as in Lesson VI., that he did not quote 'authority' but spoke his own convictions directly from his own heart and from God. Those who heard him felt that what he said was authoritative.

THE SERMON.

The most careless reader has probably been struck with the contrast between the delivery of this sermon and the delivery of the law on Sinai. We think of that as a 'fiery law,' whose promulgation is surrounded by the imagery of thunders and lightnings and the voice of the trumpet sounding long and waxing louder and louder. We think of this as flowing forth in divinest music amid all the calm and loveliness of the quiet dawn. That came dreadfully to the startled conscience from an Unseen Presence, shrouded by wreathing clouds and destroying fire and eddying smoke; this was uttered by a sweet human voice that moved the heart most gently in words of peace. That was delivered on the desolate and storm-rent hill which seems with its red granite crags to threaten the scorching wilderness: this on the flowery grass of the green hillside which slopes down to the silver lake. That shook the heart with terror and agitation, this soothed it with peace and love. And yet the New Commandments of the Mount of Beatitudes were not meant to abrogate, but rather to complete the law which was spoken from Mount Sinai to them of old. The law was founded on the eternal distinctions of right and wrong—distinctions strong and irremovable as the granite bases of the world.—Farrar, 'The Life of Christ.'

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, Feb. 28.—Topic—Heroism and other lessons from China. Acts xiv., 19-23.

Junior C. E. Topic.

GOD'S CARE FOR HIS PEOPLE.

Monday, Feb. 22.—Going into the ark. Gen. vii., 1-10.

Tuesday, Feb. 23.—The rain begins. Gen. vii., 11-16.

Wednesday, Feb. 24.—The great flood. Gen. vii., 17-22.

Thursday, Feb. 25.—'Noah only remained.' Gen. vii., 23, 24.

Friday, Feb. 26.—'But saved Noah.' II. Peter ii., 5.

Saturday, Feb. 27.—'The saving of his house.' Heb. xi., 7.

Sunday, Feb. 28.—Topic—How God takes care of his people. Gen. viii., 1-4, 15-20.

Thoughts For Teachers.

Make a memorandum of the birthday of each boy. Then, commencing with the new year, remember each one on his birthday, not with a present, but with a call or a letter. It won't cost anything but time. Oh, how much it will be appreciated! Indeed, God will add his blessing to the letter.

The first question which naturally comes to every wide-awake Sunday-school teacher is, 'How can I keep the boys in the Sunday-school?' I find that I must become acquainted with them at home, not as their teacher, but as a friend, know the parents, especially the mother. I must let her feel that I want to help her, and that I need her help.

Unfavorable answers must be turned to good account. The pupil should not be reproved for giving an answer which is justified by the question asked. If the answer is partly right and partly wrong, the teacher should unravel the difficulty by asking questions which will simplify the matter, and then return to the original question, and obtain the correct answer. Never resort to ridicule to show that an answer is absurd. A child will not try to answer if he feels that he may be laughed at for his pains. Always give a pupil credit for any element of correctness which his answer may contain. If possible lead him to see where it is incorrect and why that is wrong.—'Christian Standard.'

Old Country Friends.

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How May We Help Abolish the Saloon?

The Christian voter should make his influence felt at the polls against the saloon every time he has a chance. The Christian non-voter should seek to persuade as many others as possible to vote down the saloon, while voters and non-voters may combine in the patient, untiring effort to reduce the patronage of the saloon. Here are a few concrete cases furnished by Warren F. Spalding, secretary of the Massachusetts Prison Association, which are full of solemn warning.

A successful drummer for one of Boston's great houses: He thought he must drink to hold his trade. He awoke one morning in a cell, hardly knowing how he came there. Well dressed, a gentleman in every instinct, only a beginner in this course, he stood in the dock as a prisoner, side by side with the most degraded men of the city—men who had begun as he was beginning, and were finishing their careers. An assumed name shielded him from some of the consequences of his error, but not from the shock and horror of the situation. The hours which followed were hours of despair. 'If I had had a pistol, I would have ended them,' he said to me. Saner moments came. He realized that no one knew of his disgrace—not one of his own family ever knew of his arrest—and he rallied. When I saw him last he was doing well. But how much he would have saved if he had not touched his first glass.

Another: Twice in the dock, within a few months, as a prisoner, under arrest for drunkenness. Less than ten years ago he was president of his college class. He was fortunate in securing and holding business position and made rapid progress. Sincerely in earnest in Christian work, he became prominent as an Endeavorer. Business brought him into contact with men who drank. He took his first glass. He was unusually susceptible and his descent was swift. An arrest came. After it he made new resolutions, found employment and was winning his way back to better things. 'One glass won't hurt you.' It was the appeal of an older man, far above him socially and in business. He refused, for a moment: then his good resolutions weakened, and he yielded. 'One glass,' and there was no stopping until he was stopped by a policeman. He may rally. A Christian home, a Christian hope, a realization of his danger—these are sources of strength. A terrible appetite, the Satanic treating custom, an infirm will—these are sources of weakness. He will succeed if he can let the first glass alone. He would not have been wrecked if he had let the other first glass alone, a few years ago.

Another: Dead at thirty-five in Bellevue Hospital of delirium tremens. Scores of friends knew of his temptations, struggles, failures, sufferings. Many tried to help him—one of the most brilliant newspaper writers Boston has known, and one of the most attractive of men. It was a rapid career, more rapid than usual because of the qualities which made him so pleasant a companion, for they multiplied his temptations. His resistances were but feeble. The end came early, and he who might have made a name for himself lies in an unmarked, pauper's grave, ruined by his first glass.

These are not isolated cases. They can be duplicated by the hundred. Their lesson can be summed up in a few words: There is no use of alcoholic liquors as a beverage which is consistent with the safety and the best interests of the individual. There is no sale of it as such which is consistent with the safety and best interests of the state.—'Congregationalist.'

He Said 'No.'

The great Young Men's Christian Association convention, held in Boston, brought delegates from all parts of the world to testify to the value of the Christian religion as the highest rule of conduct for practical life. The following was told by one who had travelled 8,000 miles to attend the meetings:

'My father was a rancher on a small scale in Australia. He was an English emigrant of sturdy yoeman stock, and while the free life of a shepherd had taught him tolerance and kindness, he remained true in principle to the strict lessons of his early years.

'The nearest neighbor or station was ten miles away, but the ranchmen used to think nothing of riding twenty or forty miles to a centrally located farm on Saturday, to spend the night in carousal, and ride back on Sunday. When the men all came together once a week in this way, drinking and gambling seemed inevitable.

'At last it was my father's turn to entertain. He must invite the herders of the kraals and ranches within a radius of almost fifty miles.

'"Boys," he said to his two sons, my brother and myself, "it's the parting of the ways. We either live as we have lived, simply in the fear of God, minding our business, paying our debts if we can, saving our money if possible, and being cut by every man around here, or fall into the ways of our neighbors, and drink and gamble ourselves into perdition. I am not going to break your mother's heart, and I say, 'No,' even if they burn us down." So it came about that my brother and I divided the circuit between us, and I rode to the north and he to the south. To every ranchman this message went: "Father invites you for Saturday and Sunday as usual. There will be no cards or liquor—only a quiet talk about old England and the welfare of the colony."

'We waited that Saturday afternoon with trembling, not expecting a single guest; but the whole section was represented.

'With mother opposite him, father said grace at the table, and we boys saw tears flow down the rugged cheeks. That night the men talked long about bushmen, and rabbits, and fences, and drought, and how to stand by each other.

'The next morning, as he did every Sunday morning, father conducted prayers, this time before fifty of the roughest men I had ever seen assembled; and there was singing of hymns, broken here and there by sobs and by tears. When they parted, my father, although a recent comer, was the acknowledged leader of the community.

'That section became the most prosperous in all the country round, and I then thought if Christian courage could accomplish that, it was good enough to live and die by. My father's "No" was the only thing needed to save the community, and it saved it.'—'Youth's Companion.'

Forcing The British Drink on Hindoos.

(The Rev. Dr. Francis E. Clark, in 'Morning Star.')

In a Hindoo club in the environs of Madura the conversation turned on the temperance question, and I was obliged to blush in good earnest for the branch of the Aryan race which I represented before my brothers of another branch. In the most perfect English—pronunciation, inflection, modulation, the best Bostonese—they complained pathetically and bitterly of the evils of intemperance which the government had forced upon them.

'We Brahmans are teetotallers by religion, custom, birth, and tradition,' said one; 'but the government under which we live is forcing the liquor curse upon us against our will. Even when we struggle to free ourselves, it is no use. Our rulers think more of revenue than they do of our souls and bodies, and would send us all to perdition for the sake of raising the taxes more easily. We are trying to get a law passed to prohibit the sale of liquor in any district where three-fourths of the people of the district or city ward petition against it. But even that the officials will not allow; and our country will be cursed by liquor, we fear, in spite of all.'

'But what happens,' said I, 'when a Brahman drinks intoxicating liquor?'

'He is excommunicated at once,' was the prompt reply, 'if it is known. No Brahman drinks intoxicants except in a secret and underhanded way.'

'But what happens,' said I, when a Brah- or wines are sold or drunk in your club?' I inquired again.

'That is just what we mean,' they replied. 'No drop of liquor has even been sold, or ever shall be sold, so long as we are in control. In fact, the question that is agitating the club now is whether bottled lemonade and soda-water shall be sold, and after a warm discussion it has been decided by a large majority in the negative. We do not wish to introduce foreign drinks of any kind. Soda is associated with whiskey and brandy, and we will not have the taint of a saloon about our club. Coffee and tea are good enough for us.'

When I said good-by to my hospitable temperance hosts, they asked me to write a sentiment in their club book. My sentiment was, 'I rejoice that there is one club on the face of the earth where liquor is not sold, one clubhouse that does not reek with the fumes of wine and tobacco.

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The International Consequences of War—The Duty of the United States—J. Sloat Farrett, in the American 'Review of Reviews.'
In Case of War Why Japan Could Not Win—The Correspondence of the Manchester 'Guardian.'
Alaska Through Senatorial Eyes—The systems of the Dominion and the United States Contrasted—The 'Sun,' New York.
The New Army—Mr. Arnold-Forster's Scheme of Reforms—The 'Daily Mail,' London.
Three Men who are Remaking the British Army—W. T. Stead, in the 'Review of Reviews,' Abridged.
The secret of Chamberlain's Success—Moving with the Times—The 'Daily Mirror,' London.
Mr Chamberlain's Optimism—Not Optimism but Egoism—The 'Pilot,' London.
The South African Anxiety—By Canon Scott Holland, in the 'Commonwealth,' London.
Wright and Others—The New York 'Evening Post.'
A Duke and Betting—The 'Daily News,' London.
Education—Mr. Balfour in Defence of the Acts—English Papers.
Dr. Clifford's Reply to Mr. Balfour—The 'Daily News,' London.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

Hazlitt as Art Critic—The 'Times,' London.
The Essence of Art—John La Farge, in 'McClure's Magazine.'
Mr. Clausen on Color—The 'Standard,' London.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

Timeo Danaos—Sonnet by John White Chadwick, in the Atlantic Monthly.'
The Child—Poem, by Professor Woodbury.
Canvassing—G. K. Chesterton, in the 'Daily News,' London.
'My Poor Relations'—Review of Maarten Maartens's Book, by A. Teixeira de Mattos, in the 'Daily Paper,' London.
Mental Listlessness—The 'Spectator,' London.
Dean Pigou's Book—More 'Odds and Ends.'—The 'Standard,' London.
J. J. Bell's New Book—The New York 'Times Saturday Review.'

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

The Hermit of Gloucester—By James Buckham, in 'Zion's Herald.'
The Trick of Education—The Pronunciation of English—The Springfield 'Republican.'
A Study of the Negro—The New York 'Times Saturday Review.'
The Story of Electricity—'Sunday at Home,' London.
A New Way to Store Water—'Public Opinion,' New York.
The Progress of the Century—Simon Newcomb, in 'Harper's Magazine.'
Selected Notes.

Correspondence

Our Birthday Book.

FEBRUARY.

1.
Rejoice evermore. I. Thess. v., 16.

2.
Follow righteousness, faith, charity, peace. II. Tim. ii., 22.
Isaac S. Hallamere.

3.
We should live righteously, soberly, and godly in this present world. Titus ii., 12.
Victoria May Ching.

4.
That the communication of thy faith may become effectual. Phil vi.
Pearl Bain, Raymond Sweet.

5.
Esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt. Heb. xi., 26.
Maude M. Jackson, M.L.A.

6.
Blessed is the man who endureth temptation. James i., 12.

7.
The trial of your faith being much more precious than of gold. I. Peter i., 7.

8.
The Lord is not slack concerning his promise. II. Peter iii., 9.
Mary B. Smith.

9.
Perfect love casteth out fear. I. John iv., 18.

10.
Keep yourselves in the love of God. Jude v., 21.

11.
Little children keep yourselves from idols. I. John v., 21.
J. Harold Kennedy.

12.
Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. I. John ii., 15.
Harold E. Halpenny.

13.
Behold, I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it. Rev. iii., 8.
Joseph Newton Patterson, Tena A. Macfarlane, Russel Linn.

14.
He that overcometh shall inherit all things. Rev. xxi., 7.
Stella Hilts, Effie Hannah, Bessie B., Wm. Howard Halpenny.

15.
It is your father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom. Luke xii., 32.
Beatrice Vanzant.

16.
One thing is needful: and Mary hath chosen that good part. Luke x., 42.
Daniel E. McBay, Pearl Thompson.

17.
Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men. Matt. iv., 19.

18.
One is your master, even Christ. Matt. xxiii., 8.
Mary Stockton, Harold Fowler.

19.
Suffer little children to come unto me. Mark x., 14.

20.
Let not your heart be troubled. John xiv 1.
Beatrice McPherson, Kenneth McD., Olive T. Forbes.

21.
Ask and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full. John xvi., 24.
Amy Gunn.

22.
Abide in me and I in you. John xv., 4.
Elsie B. Sterritt, Lillian L. Perrussell.

23.
Thy word is truth. John xvii., 17.

24.
As my Father hath sent me, even so send I you. John xx., 21.
Hazel O'Neil.

25.
This is life eternal, that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent. John xvii. 3.

26.
The Father himself loveth you because ye have loved me. John xvi., 27.

27.
Ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I command you. John xv., 14.
Gladys Veevor Hudspeth, Grace McPherson, Mildred I. Lovell, Bathsheba Biggar, George Oke.

28.
Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world. John xvi., 33.

29.
Grace be with thee. I. Tim. vi., 21.
Vera Velzorah Nelles.

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Marguerite I. Hunt, Bessie McPherson.

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Tell the story of the childhood of Moses.

FOR SCRIPTURE SEARCHERS, UNDER THIRTEEN.

Send the first verse of all the poems you know relating to the 23rd Psalm, or metrical paraphrases of the same.

LETTERS RECEIVED.

Harold Fowler, Roy Walmsley, Beatrice Vanzant, Ethel Maude Edson, Edna W., Raymond S., M. H. Skippen, N. H., One ansigned, Ada P., Mary J. Dewar, Bertha M. Millman, R. Duston, J. Harold Kennedy, Agnes Edna Brownlow, Elsie B. Sterritt, Gertrude Hicock, Hazel O'Neil, Myrtle Morrison, Ethel Gilroy, Olive Forbes, Edna D., Hazel K., Vera Nelles, George Oke, Sunday-School Scholar, Nina Evans, Maggie E. McK., Beulah Adams, Emma Winifred Vanallen, Laura Mellow, Grace Allan R., Ethel B. P., Mary E. N., Annie E. Imerson, Amy Bothwell, Mary L. Jordan, Mary Ewing, Amy Gunn, Annie E G., Harold Coyle, Lois A.Sexsmith, Mary E., John J., Winnie L., Mary H., Tena M., Edith J., Josephine S., Gertrude Thompson, Marguerite McAskill, Gertrude H., Alice H., Marjory G., Sadie G., Mildred Nelson, Edith B. McPhee, Douglas S.

All dates of birthdays in March must be sent in before March 1. Those whose birthdays are in April had better send in their names as soon as possible Always sign your full name when writing.

One of our correspondents asks for the recitation entiled 'The Army Canteen,' which contains these lines:—

Then came the time when he fought
With demons of hell, dread and gory;
Fought with a drink-maddened brain,
Till death put an end to the story.

If any of our readers could send us this poem, we should be glad to pass it on.

Mulgrave.

Dear Editor,—Mulgrave is a country post-office. It is near Ridgeway, the scene of the Fenian Raid in 1866. I live in the country. I prefer the country to the city in summer, but in the winter I like the city best. I am very fond of reading, and have read a great deal. The serial, 'Daph and Her Charge,' is very interesting. I have taken the 'Messenger' for a long time and would not like to do without it. Papa is a thresherman. I have a bicycle, and like to ride. I have a brother, John, and a sister, Agnes. I am not going to say anything about pets, for I don't like to read about them. I play the organ, but I like the piano a great deal better. My favorite 'Memory Gem' is by Robert Burns, and is:

Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursels as ithers see us.
It wad frae mony a blunder free us
An' foolish notion.
What airs in dress an' gait wad lea'e us,
And' e'en devotion.

So many of the correspondents write about pets, etc. Why don't they write about flowers, books, travels, poetry, or things like that. It would be more interesting, I think. My favorite flower is the red velvet rose, although the large pink ones are very lovely. I don't know what book I like best, but I think the 'Elsie Series' is very nice.

JOSEPHINE S.

Edge Hill.

Dear Editor,—I write to thank you for the very nice Bible you sent me for sending you five new subscriptions to the 'Messenger.' My sister Maggie and I have taken the 'Messenger' for a long time, and like it very much. Particularly so this winter, as the snow is so deep and the roads are so bad, and I am not very well, and cannot go to school.

MARY E. E. (aged 12).

Sandy Cove, Queen's Co.

Dear Editor,—As I have never seen any letters from Sandy Cove, I thought I would write one. I am nine years old, and my birthday is on Sept. 7. I get the 'Messenger' at the Sunday-school, and I like it very much. I have three brothers and a sister in Heaven. I have not been to the school for six weeks, as I have had the whooping cough. MARY E. P.

Green Bank, Paget, Bermuda.

Dear Editor,—My home is in Bermuda. I live near the sea. Papa has two steamers which he uses to carry pasengers from Paget to Hamilton. Plenty of visitors come here from Canada and America. This is the place where large fields of Easter lilies grow. I am twelve years old. I have two sisters, Viola, ten years, and Wilhelmina, four years. Viola and I go to school in Somerset, which is twelve miles from home. We drive up in the mail-coach on Monday mornings, and return home on Fridays. I have one grandfather and two grandmothers. Papa's mother lives in Denmark. I belong to the Presbyterian Sunday-school. I received four copies of the 'Messenger' for January. Some friend must have subscribed for me. I am very pleased, because it is such a nice paper. I should like to correspond with some little girl about my age in Canada.

EDITH M. J.

Grimston, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We had a big storm, and had to stay at home all through the Christmas holidays. The storm started the week before Christmas, and did not stop until three weeks afterwards. It was pretty dull all those weeks. We did not have our Christmas-tree; those who always have one will know how disappointed we were. I have not missed being at one since I can remember, and would not have missed this one if we had had one. They said they would make up for it next year, but that is a long time to wait. I think the birthday book is very nice.

GERTRUDE T. (aged 12).

HOUSEHOLD.

Is Willie Saved?

(Mrs. McVean-Adams, in 'Union Signal.')

It was a lovely afternoon in early June, and I had to spend most of it with Mrs. Crawford, president of our auxiliary, for our public thank-offering service would occur in less than a month, and she and I were committee on programme.

There was always a little feeling of pleased expectancy in my mind when going to Mrs. Crawford's. She was sure to interest me in some new subject or to present an old theme in some new light. She gave me something to think of—not that she was unusual in any way except that she seemed to be thinking always in a way to idealize common living and lift every day matters into new and sacred value.

That day she sat ready, with pencil and paper lying on her work-basket, her little boys of four and a half and two years both playing about the room.

'Now, Willie,' said Mrs. Crawford, 'we are going to do some planning and writing to help some poor little people who never heard about Jesus, and I want you to be good and amuse the baby.'

'O tell us about Jesus first, won't you?' said Willie.

'Not now, dear; mamma hasn't time. By and by when you are older you will learn about him. Go and play now, like a good boy.'

'Are they older—the little people who don't know, mamma? Are they older?' asked Willie.

'Some of them, I guess,—there,—that will do,' answered his mother. 'Strange, isn't it, that all little children seem to love to hear about Jesus and have no such distate for the subject of religion as girls and boys show when they grow a few years older?'

'That is so,' I said; 'it always seems to make the older children ill at ease and anxious to get away, while the little ones, mere babies, delight in hearing of God and heaven and the coming of Jesus.'

'It must be,' said Mrs. Crawford, 'that the very littles ones have not yet become sinners, not having reached the age of accountability. They are still those of whom Christ said, "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven," and "Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter the Kingdom." They are saved, under the general atonement, not having known good or evil, or believed on Christ, as sinners must.'

Again I assented to her words.

'And those who do know good and evil, and sometimes choose the wrong, are not yet confirmed sinners, with enmity to God in their hearts. They love to hear about Jesus and are easily won to love and to trust him. Why do we neglect just this one point? Why do not our churches gather in the babies as soon as they are old enough to exercise saving faith? And, above all, why do not fathers and mothers see to it that the little tender hearts are given to Christ in gratitude, love and belief, before the children fall into grievous sins and become indifferent to the claims of their Saviour and their God?'

'All you say is true,' I said, scarcely less moved than she, and in my heart I made a vow that my very next bedtime talk should be devoted to the sacred duty of leading my six-year-old boy to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and be saved.

We began our programme and made very good progress, having our opening exercises assigned to leading members of our auxiliary and putting next an address by our pastor, stating the object of the thank-offering service. A little diversion was made by the coming of the maid to carry the baby away to his afternoon sleep.

'What comes next on the programme?' asked Mrs. Crawford, shaking the whittling of her pencil into the wastebasket, tucking the pencil behind her ear, and rising to place her penknife on the end of the upright piano, out of reach of baby fingers.

'Let us put Miss Stella's solo next,' said I; 'the audience will be tired and need a change.'

'Wouldn't it be better, then, to have some rousing congregational singing, and have everybody stand up?' said she. 'No, no, Willie—Mamma's knife is sharp,—it would cut your fingers'—this added hastily, in a different tone, caused me to look up from my papers just in time to see Willie tiptoe upon the arm of the sofa, with the gleaming penknife in his hand, his laughing blue eyes dancing and seeming to send out sparks of light. Turning swiftly, as if to replace the knife on the piano, his foot slipped, and down came the keen blade.

Instantly we were both at his side, and there stood the little knife upright, the pearl handle still vibrating, stuck into the little boy's leg above the knee, as he sat upon the sofa where he had fallen. Before we could touch him, Willie pulled the knife out of his thigh. It was followed fast by little spurts of bright arterial blood. The little blade had penetrated—perhaps severed—the grand artery of his leg. Death from loss of blood was imminent. So swiftly had the wings of the death angel swooped down to cast its dark shadow over this bright home!

Instantly the mother bared the little chubby leg, the baby dimples hovering about the knee. As she did so, she said to me, 'If you faint at blood, leave the room quickly.' Her words were quietly spoken, but I felt that here was a tigress fighting for her young, even against death, and that all obstacles must be swept aside.

For answer, I pressed my right thumb firmly upon the little cut, from which the blood was spurting in little jets. Mrs. Crawford's foot was already upon the electric bell under the table, while her hands were busy drawing from her work-basket a large handkerchief of soft silk in which a gay initial was half embroidered. The maid appeared at the door, and to her Mrs. Crawford spoke, all the time going on with the operation of tying the handkerchief above the wound on Willie's leg and twisting it into a tight ligature by means of the lead-pencil in her hand.

To the maid she said, 'Go to the telephone and call up Dr. Root, No. 708. Say "Case of life or death—John Crawford's, No. 79 Elm ave.,—bring surgical instruments." Then come back to me.'

When the girl returned, Mrs. Crawford said: 'Did you get an answer?' 'Yes,' replied the maid, 'but I could not hear just what was said, except "All right."'

'Go now,' said Mrs. Crawford, 'and telephone to Mr. Crawford and say this: "An accident to Willie. Bring surgeon." That will make it safe,' she added. 'If Dr. Root is delayed, my husband will bring some one else.'

By this time the white lids were drooping over Willie's eyes like April snow over violets. Would death get there first? this pretty watch, with Willie's face in the cover?' Detaching the timepiece, she pressed the spring and held it toward him. 'O yes, mamma,' and the blue eyes were opened eagerly.

'O I must talk with him, if only five minutes,' moaned the mother. 'How can I stimulate him?'

Afraid to speak lest I should lose my own self-control, and thus my usefulness, I could only silently watch her agony, while my thoughts swiftly flew to the long bed-time hours in which mother and her child had held merry frolic and sweetest communion, and now—his life hung in the balance—he was of the age of accountability, therefore capable of saving belief, and the mother was fighting off mortal weakness long enough to say, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.' Would the little brain have blood enough, have consciousness enough, to grasp eternal life?

Lowering the boy's head still more over the soft edge of the sofa, she knelt and took the cold little hands, from which the watch had now slipped. 'Willie, shall I sing "Jesus loves me, this I know?"'

'Yes,' smiled the boy.

'You know he does love you, don't you, Willie?'

'Yes.'

'Can you remember and tell mamma the golden text for Sunday, that you taught the baby this morning?'

'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved,' said Willie.

'And do you know what it is to be saved, Willie?'

'Don't you know, you told us—to go to Heaven to live with God?'

'Do you want to go, sometime, Willie?'

'Yes, when mamma does.'

The mother's voice failed for a moment, but she went on, 'And do you believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, Willie?'

'Why, of course I do, so does the baby, I told him to.'

'What do you believe about Jesus, Willie?'

'Why, you know; Jesus loves us and he will take care of us. I feel so queer, dear mamma—kind of tired.'

'Go to sleep if you want to, sweetheart,' and the mother turned aside her face lest the swift tears of relief and joy should startle the fainting baby.

Voices in the hall soon came to our ears, and the extreme nerve tension began to relax.

'Um—yes, yes,' said Dr. Root, placing his little case on the table and rubbing his large white hands together. 'Good afternoon, ladies. My dear Mrs. Crawford, no cause for alarm, here has been prompt action, I see—foot elevated—good, um—head lowered, good, good—and a ligature above the wound. Couldn't have done better myself. Please remove your thumb, madam—entirely needless, I assure you. Little one in a faint, I see—not dangerous—no occasion for alarm—partly due to fright, I dare say. I will administer an anaesthetic and keep him still. Please raise the shades the entire length—yes—let the maid bring some warm water and—some old cotton, my good girl, if you please. There, now, we are comfortable.' And, spreading a piece of oil silk from his case over the carpet, the garrulous surgeon laid Willie where the sunshine streamed right through the western window and he deftly took up and tied the severed artery. Then with skilful touches, he helped the mother to remove the clothing and replace it by the white night-dress. A bed was prepared, with a pillow on which to keep the little foot elevated and just as Dr. Root had laid the little one in it, the blue eyes opened, tired and wistful, but lighted with joy as they rested on his mother's tranquil face. Their lips met, and he whispered, with one pale hand on her cheek, 'Jesus will take care of me, mamma—I believe.'

Voices and hurrying footsteps, and both breathless and pale John Crawford flung himself into the room and gasped, 'Mary—my boy—is he safe?' 'Yes, John, he is saved,' and only I knew that she meant saved indeed, body and soul.

Soon after the doctor had bowed and talked himself out, I went home. It was several days before I again visited my neighbor, Mrs. Crawford, to gather up that unfinished programme, but I heard from her every day.

When I, as secretary, placed the neatly written programme on the pulpit, before Mrs. Crawford, president, on the evening when she presided at the long expected public meeting of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society, she smiled into my eyes and said: 'We shall not be likely to forget the afternoon when we made that programme.'

'O no,' I answered, 'that was a long half hour—and I have learned its lesson well.'

Our thank offerings that day were something of a surprise to some more wealthy members of our auxiliary, but the reason was known to us, and to God.

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Pop-Overs.—Sift into a bowl one cupful of flour and a saltspoonful of salt. Beat one egg very light, add to it one cupful of sweet milk. Stir this gradually so that it will not be lumpy, into the flour, give it two or three vigorous beatings and pour it into heated gem pans that have all been well greased. Fill them about half full and bake them in a very quick oven.

The Shelly Bun.—One cup of yeast, one cup of sugar, one cup butter, three cups of sweet milk; mix the night before, leaving out butter and sugar; have a soft sponge. In the morning add butter, sugar and a pinch of soda; let it rise again until very light; knead it very lightly and put into tins. Let them stand until they are very light. Bake in a moderate oven till the tops are brown; while hot rub the tops with butter—this makes the crust tender and smooth. Some add English currants, some suet.

Orange Marmalade.—Cut one dozen of large oranges into very thin slices, cutting crosswise. Have the peel on, but remove the core. Put into a porcelain kettle, add two quarts of cold water and stand in a cool place over night. Boil very slowly for two hours, then add six pounds of granulated sugar and boil slowly until clear. Put in small glass jars and cover with paraffine wax before putting on tops.

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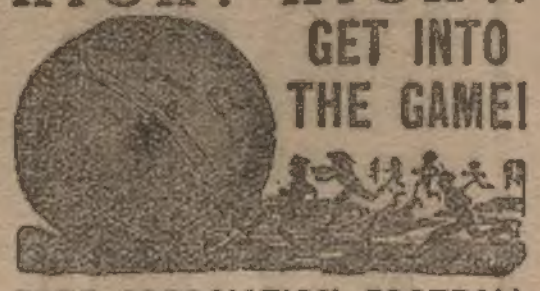


FREE ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

full regulation size, made of specially prepared Oak Tanned Leather, hand sewn and furnished with best quality red rubber bladder, given for selling at 10c. each only 18 large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds. Each package is beautifully decorated in 12 colors and contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **They are wonderful sellers.** A. E. Logan, St. John, N.B., said: "The Seeds went like hot cakes." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send the Seeds postpaid. Jas. Kavanagh, St. John's, Nfld., says: "I am highly delighted with my football. I could not buy it in this city for less than $3.50. Men of experience say it is the best ball they ever played with." Address **THE PRIZE SEED CO., Dept. 410 TORONTO, ONT.**

FREE GOLD Watch

Handsome Gold finished **Double Hunting Case,** richly and elaborately engraved in Solid Gold Designs, stem wind and set, accurately adjusted reliable imported jeweled movement. The richest looking Hunting Case Watch ever manufactured, given for selling at 10c. each only **3 doz.** large, beautiful packages of fresh **Sweet Pea Seeds,** the best in Canada. Every package is handsomely decorated in 12 colors and contains 61 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **A Certificate worth 50c. free with each package.** Send name and address to-day, and we will mail the seeds post-paid. You can easily sell them in half an hour, and just as soon as we receive the money for them we will send you the handsome Watch shown and described above **absolutely free.** E. Lehman, Alma, Ont., writes: "I am more than satisfied with my watch. It is a good timekeeper and looks exactly like a $100.00 watch." Address **The Prize Seed Co., Dept. 416 Toronto.**

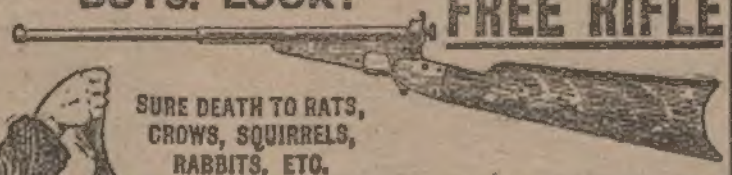
FREE Elegant FUR CAPERINE WORTH $10.00 FREE

We have just purchased 80 handsome Fur Caperines, fully worth $10.00 each, from a large fur manufacturer in New York at a specially reduced price, which enables us to offer every Girl and Lady the best chance they ever had in their life to get a magnificent $10.00 Fur Caperine **Absolutely Free.**

Send No Money

Just your name and address plainly written, and we will send you postpaid, 3½ doz. large beautiful packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** the best in Canada, to sell at 10c. a package. Every package is handsomely finished in 12 colors and contains 61 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. You can easily sell them in half an hour, as they are positively the largest, the best, and most beautiful packages ever sold for 10c. **Everybody buys them.** When sold, return the money and we will immediately send you one of these handsome Fur Caperines that could not be bought in any store for less than $10.00 cash. It is cut in the latest style with the long graceful fronts so fashionable this season, and is made of beautiful rich black Coney and fine imitation Sable Fur, with high Storm Collar 6 inches deep (fur on both sides), and extra wide cape extending well over the shoulders and lined throughout with the finest quality of Satin—the whole ornamented with six long full furred tails, as shown in the illustration. Remember, we have only 80 of these elegant Caperines to give away, so send name and address at once, or you may be too late. **Seed Supply Co.,** Dept. 420, Toronto.

BOYS. LOOK! FREE RIFLE



SURE DEATH TO RATS, CROWS, SQUIRRELS, RABBITS, ETC.

Boys! How would you like to have an **All-Steel Long-Distance Air Rifle** of the best make and latest model, that shoots B. B. Shot, Slugs and Darts with terrific force and perfect accuracy? We are giving away **Absolutely Free** these splendid Rifles to anyone who will sell only **1½ doz.** large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** at **10c.** each. The packages are beautifully decorated in 12 colors, and each one contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties, in every imaginable color. **Everybody buys.** M. Speeles, Mono Mills, Ont., said: "I no sooner opened my parcel than I had all the Seeds sold. They went like wildfire." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send the Seeds postpaid. Boys, this is the best Air Gun made. It has all steel barrel and fittings, improved globe sights, pistol grip and walnut stock. Is always ready for Squirrels, Rats, Sparrows, etc. Geo. Allen, Brandon, Man., says: "I received my Rifle yesterday and think it is a beauty. I have shot 5 birds already." **Dominion Seed Co.,** Dept. 428 Toronto.

FREE MAGIC LANTERN

Just send us your name and address on a Post Card, and we will mail you postpaid, 5 large beautifully colored pictures, 16 x 20 inches, named "The Angel's Whisper," "The Family Record," and "Rock of Ages." These pictures are beautifully finished in 12 different colors, and are well worth 50c. You sell them for only 25c. each, and give a free certificate worth 50c. to each purchaser, return us the money and we will immediately send you this large, well made, finely finished Lantern, with 3 fine focusing lenses, an excellent reflector, and a large lamp which shows a strong, clear, white light, reproducing the pictures in a clear, distinct form on the sheet. With the Lantern we also send 12 beautifully colored slides illustrating about 72 different views, such as Red Riding Hood and the Wolf, Clown's performances, etc., etc., and full directions. Address, The Colonial Art Co., Dept. 417 Toronto.

FREE!

Ladies and Girls, You Can Earn This

Handsome Fur Scarf

In a Few Minutes

By selling at 10c. each, only 20 of our large beautiful packages of fresh **Sweet Pea Seeds**, the best in Canada. Every package is handsomely decorated in 12 colors and contains 61 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. Our Sweet Pea Packages are positively the largest, the best and the most beautiful ever sold for 10c.

SEND NO MONEY

We trust you. Simply write us that you would like to earn this beautiful Fur Scarf and we will mail you at once, postpaid, the 20 large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds, also 20 Certificates each worth 50c. one of which is to be given away **free** with every package. When sold, return the money and we will immediately send you **absolutely free** this

HANDSOME FUR SCARF

Over 40 inches long, 5 inches wide, made from selected full-furred skins, with six fine full black tails, the very latest style. It is fully equal in appearance to any $10.00 Fur Scarf.

HELEN RAYMOND, Middlemarch, N.B., writes: "I received the Scarf and am much delighted with it. I had no idea of getting such a beautiful fur for so little work. The same kind of a Fur Scarf would cost $4.00 in our store."

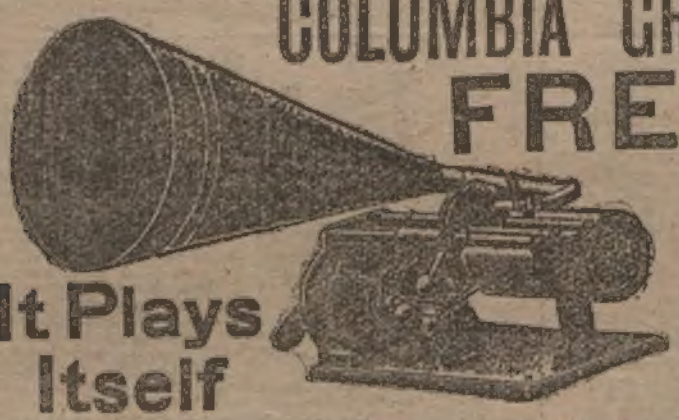
MRS. GRAHAM, South New Bridge, N.B., writes: "I write to thank you for my beautiful Fur Scarf which was far ahead of what I expected. I have been pricing them in our store and find that I could not get one like it for less than $3.00.

Ladies and Girls don't miss this grand chance to get a Handsome Fur Scarf, for only a few minutes work, but **send your name and address today** and be the first in your locality to have our Seeds. **THE PRIZE SEED CO., DEPT. 434, TORONTO**

SOLITAIRE DIAMOND RING FREE

Send name and address, plainly written, and we will mail you, postpaid, 10 of our large beautiful fast-selling packages of Fresh **Sweet Pea Seeds**, the best in Canada. (Every package is handsomely decorated in 12 colors, and contains 61 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color.) Sell them at 10c. each, return the money, and we will immediately send you, absolutely free, this beautiful Ring, elegantly finished in 14k Gold, and containing one very large magnificent flashing Austrian Diamond in the famous Tiffany style setting. The stone is wonderfully hard and brilliant, full of color and fire, and cannot be told from a real Diamond even by an expert. Write for the Seeds at once, and in a few days you will be wearing this magnificent Ring that never fails to attract attention wherever it is. The Seed Supply Co. Dept. 430, Toronto, Ont.

COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE FREE



It Plays Itself

It plays every kind of Instrumental music, sings every class of songs, tells you all kinds of funny stories.

SEND NO MONEY, just your name and address plainly written and we will mail you postpaid, 3 doz. large beautiful packages of fresh Sweet Pea Seeds to sell at 10c. each. (A certificate worth 50c. free to each purchaser.) Every package is handsomely decorated in 12 colors and contains 61 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **They sell like hot cakes.** When sold, return the money and we will immediately send you this real Columbia Graphophone exactly as illustrated, with spring motor, large metal amplifying horn, all handsomely enamelled, gold trimmed and nickel plated, also one musical and one Prong record—Hiawatha, Dixie Girl, Annie Laurie, Carry me back to Old Virginia, My Old Kentucky Home, Old Oaken Bucket, Sally in Our Alley, My Wild Irish Rose, Kathleen Mavourneen, I've going Back to Dixie, The Holy City, Home Sweet Home, etc., etc. Understand this is not a toy or a machine that must be turned by hand, but a real self playing Graphophone, with which you can give concerts in any size hall or room, as it sings, whistles and plays, just as loud and clear as any $50.00 Talking Machine. Write for seeds to-day sure. **Prize Seed Co.,** Dept 409 Toronto

FREE! FREE!

A Pair of WIDE RUNNER SKATES any size FOR SKATING ON SNOW

Barrels of fun for every Boy and Girl

No need to walk a mile to the nearest pond or stream or wait for ice to become safe. With our Wide Runner Skates, especially designed for snow skating, you can at the first fall of snow or sleet skate on street or sidewalk or coast, on the hillside. They are finely made of special steel, handsomely finished, strong and durable. **SEND NO MONEY** just your name and address, plainly written and we will mail you postpaid 10 large beautifully colored Pictures, 16 x 20 inches, named "Rock of Ages," "Angel's Whisper," and "The Family Record," to sell at 25c. each. **A Certificate worth 50c. free to each purchaser.** Every Picture is handsomely finished in 12 different colors and is fully worth 50c. At 25c. you can easily sell 10 in half an hour. When sold, return the money and we will send you **a pair of Wide Runner Skates any size absolutely free.** Boys and Girls send your name and address to-day. **THE COLONIAL ART CO., Dept. 404, TORONTO**

FREE

STEAM FIRE ENGINE made entirely of steel, iron and brass, beautifully finished, with driving wheel, shaft and piston, polished brass boiler and steam chest, Russian iron furnace compartment, brass steam pump with a suction hose and a long fire hose, with a brass nozzle, given for selling at 10c. each only 15 large beautifully colored packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds. Everybody buys them.** Roy Butler, Wilsonville, Ont., said: "I sold the Seeds in a few minutes. People said they were fine." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will send you the Seeds postpaid. Dominion Seed Co., Dept. 425 Toronto.

Earn This WATCH

With polished silver nickel open face case, the back elaborately engraved, fancy milled edge, heavy bevelled crystal and keyless Wind, Imported works, by selling only 18 large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. The packages are beautifully decorated in 12 colors and each one contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **Everybody buys.** Percy Bell, Little Rapids, Ont., said: "The seeds sold like wildfire." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send you the Seeds postpaid. Don't delay. Edward Gilbert, Pelmica, Ont., says: "I received my watch in good condition. It is a daisy and I am very much pleased with it." **THE DOMINION SEED CO., DEPT. 455, TORONTO, Ont.**

We Will Give You This BEAUTIFUL ALBUM

Quarto size, in full renaissance celluloid binding, with silk plush back, finely lithographed cover and beautifully decorated pages, the whole handsomely finished with Gold title, Gold border, Gold edges, and Gold spring clasps **FREE** for selling only 15 six large beautiful packages of fresh **Sweet Pea Seeds** at 10c. each. (A Certificate worth 50c. given free to every purchaser.) Each package is beautifully decorated in 12 colors and contains 61 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **They sell like hot cakes. Everybody buys.** Send name and address to-day. Seed Supply Co., Dept. 407 Toronto.

LADIES' ENAMELLED WATCH FREE

For selling at 10c. each only 7 doz. large beautiful packages of Sweet Pea Seeds, decorated in 12 colors and containing 42 of the most fragrant and large flowering varieties in every imaginable color. A 50c. certificate free with each package. Maggie Speeles, Mono Mills, Ont., says: "I took the Seeds to school with me and sold them all in 10 minutes." This **dainty and reliable watch** has **gold hands, fancy dial,** stem wind and set, **jeweled movement,** and is **beautifully enamelled** with **roses** and **leaves** in nature colors. Delia Shaw, Warton, Ont., says: "I am delighted with my watch. It is certainly very dainty. I did not expect anything half so pretty." Write us a **Post Card** for Seeds to day. **THE PRIZE SEED CO., DEPT. 414 TORONTO, ONT.**

BEAUTIFUL PRESENTS FREE

GIRLS! We trust you with 15 large beautifully colored packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** to sell for us at 10c. each. For your trouble we will give you a beautiful gold finished Opal Ring, also a Gold or Silver composition, full size curb chain Bracelet. Remember, you get **both the Ring and Bracelet** for selling only 15 packages. **Everybody buys our Seeds.** They are the easiest sellers ever handled. Mary Speeles, Mono Mills, Ont., said: "I no sooner opened my parcel than I had all the seeds sold. They went like wildfire." Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send you the seeds postpaid. A 50c. certificate with each package. **Dominion Seed Co.,** Dept **401** Toronto.

PICTURES ON CREDIT

—NO SECURITY ASKED—

We send you 15 large beautifully colored pictures, each 16x22 inches named "The Angels Whisper," "The Family Record," "Christ before Pilot," "Rock of Ages." These pictures are handsomely finished in 12 colors and could not be bought for less than 50c. each in any store. You sell them for 25c. each, send us the money, and for your trouble we send you a handsome gold-finished **Double Hunting Case** Watch, lady's or Gent's size, richly and elaborately engraved in solid gold designs, with stem wind and set, accurately adjusted reliable imported movement. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will mail you the pictures postpaid, also our large illustrated Premium List showing dozens of other valuable prizes. Address, Home Art Co., Dept 402 Toronto.

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